

DEATH BY FRIENDLY FIRE

What do we do next
in Afghanistan?



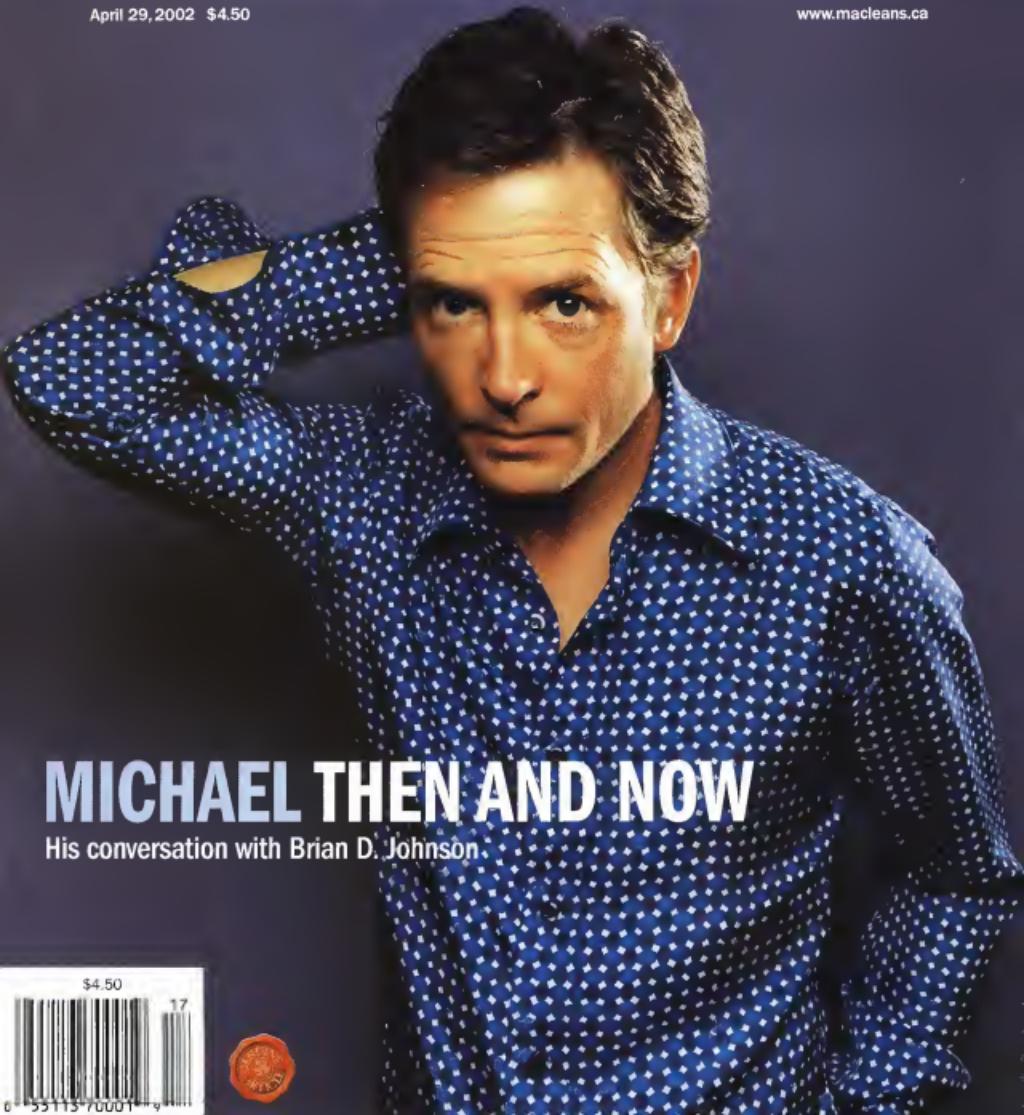
Canada's

Weekly Newsmagazine

Maclean's

April 29, 2002 \$4.50

www.macleans.ca



MICHAEL THEN AND NOW

His conversation with Brian D. Johnson

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From the Editor

Afghanistan in the wake of death

The e-mails started arriving within hours of the news that American "friendly fire" had killed four Canadian soldiers in Afghanistan, and wounded eight others. In a world in which many Canadians have non-existent access to breaking news, one responsibility of a news organization, alongside providing analysis and context, is to serve as a place where readers can share opinions and emotions. In this instance, our correspondents reflect the heartache, dismay, confusion and anger Canadians universally feel at the realization that our troops were killed not by an enemy, but inadvertently by our closest ally. As Allen Dang of Calgary asked, rhetorically: "When you are called to stand in harm's way, will you be as brave as these soldiers?"

Or does this should also cause us to rethink our role in Afghanistan? Peter Saglam of British Columbia asked whether, after such "saudis" deaths, "we need to re-deploy our troops into the Middle East for preserving duties." Marie Robertis, a self-described "dual citizen, Canadian born," living in Los Angeles, and the epicenter of a long list of a huge apology from George W. Bush, Greg Edwards of Delta, B.C., citing past friendly fire casualties in the Gulf War and Yugoslavia, wrote: "We have done good reason to insist that our soldiers operate under Canadian command in the Canadian zone patrolled by Canadian planes."

Will the deaths of our troops under such circumstances change the views of Canadians who, until now, have supported our military presence in Afghanistan? There is a crucial difference between opposing a policy position, or simply being appalled by the manner in which it is executed. Contributing Editor Arthur Kent observes in his essay (page 20) that "the U.S. led campaign in Afghanistan has gradually

sputtered to a standstill, crippled by negligence, failure, understrength forces, treacherous or inept regional allies and that mangling old hogwash of foreign newsmen to The Game Game, bad luck." Still, support in America for military action remains high, despite the previous deaths of three American soldiers from friendly fire.

There's now compelling evidence that in the two world wars of the last century, Canadian soldiers were sometimes used as cannon fodder by British officers who were reluctant to use their own countrymen in the same way. There's no evidence to suggest that's been the case with Canadian or American command in Afghanistan. If that were shown to be so, it would be clear cause for us to clear out. That would also be the logical conclusion if it emerged that our troops are exposed to greater danger than their American counterparts because of, say, being left out of the loop in strange discussions or internal communications.

But in the absence of any of that, let's remember that the American arm's along us to do anything they're not doing themselves. Let's also remember that we have effectively signed over responsibility for our national defense to the United States by allowing our own military to become so diminished in size and the quality of its equipment. And within an alliance, someone, at some point, either Canadian or American, has to make final command decisions. If an American were killed in defense of Canada, well, count on the U.S. to understand the reasons for such a sacrifice. When we consider the deaths of our troops this week, we should, under no circumstances apply that same logic to ourselves.

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Executive Printed Text: (2005)

Web: Boyd von Hirsch, Roma Kan, Michael Meister

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Family tragedy

How can you describe someone who murders their family as a loving father and husband? ("Death of a family," Cover, April 15). So-called nice guys like John Boeze are not generous, they are manipulative. Germans are self-serving and gifts have strings attached. Combines that with the patriarchal notion that wives and children are personal property and you can end up with even the恶毒 father thinking he knows best.

Anne Keathorne, Burnaby

It seems that it is more important to silence the spotlight on the person who did the crime rather than the brutal reality of family violence and the various ways it was done. I, too, went to school with John Bauer and his wife, Helen, and I never saw him as "a loving father" and "pilar of the community." Helen was a great mom and a wonderful friend who will be missed.

Kathy Larson, Vancouver

You make casual mention of John Bauer's father-in-law Elmer (Red) Carroll, re-spread collage and special friend. Carroll lived Canada and was prepared to die for his country when he fought through both the Italian and Northern European campaigns in the Second World War. Can-



MEAD

DEATH OF A FAMILY

and loved his friends, his job at Molson and the Molson family, and would have defended them to the death. He loved his grandchildren and he died for them. How unbelievable and sad.

John P. Hogan, past patient and chief executive officer, the Hogan Co., Toronto

Chronic fatigue

I was very impressed with your article on chronic fatigue syndrome, as I am that much of the public can get it! Sixty and so very tired." (Health, April 15). My youngest son was very well with CFS for four years, starting at age 11. These years were stressful for our family, but the situation was made all the more difficult by the attitude of the medical profession and educators. Our family physician repeatedly diagnosed "severe fatigue and aversion," despite the severity of my son's symptoms. Two pediatrics at the local children's hospital diagnosed "an immune system problem" and "depression." I finally made the diagnosis of CFS by doing my own research on the Internet. Educators were another hurdle with their attitudes ranging from mild suspicion to contempt. One junior high English teacher even shouted at me: "He doesn't look sick to me!" The ergonomic cause of chronic fatigue syndrome may be beyond the current scope of science, but that does not mean that an imaginary Chronic illness is deserving. Why do we need to increase the suffering by being so judgmental?

Janet Milner, Guelph

CFS patients in my practice are encouraged to exercise, within their limitations, to improve muscle strength and prevent osteoporosis. Any activity, including exercise, must be paced so that the patient doesn't "crash" or end up in bed the following day. Resting before and after the exercise allows the patient to do more and it promotes healing. Marion Hoyle, who maintains that "rest is useless," may not have read the literature review on CFS published

'Mrs. Dead Doctor'

I must add a footnote to John DeMent's wonderful article "Matters not any name" (The Black Page, April 10). My family and I lived in Antigonish, N.S., in the 1950s and my mother has for years measured the story of the "D. D. MacDonalds." There had been at some point two Doctor MacDonalds practicing medicine in the town, but one died and when we lived there people distinguished "Mrs. Doctor MacDonald" from "Mrs. Dead Doctor MacDonald." My progeny became, generally, the D. D. MacDonalds. The joke for my mother, an Ontario, was that D. D. MacDonald's daughter was Phyllis D. D. MacDonald and that "D. D." would often remark, apparently without a trace of a smile, on having sons or concerned with Fiddle-D. D. And my guess is that's still known that way, whether most people know why or not.

Peter MacLean, Antigonish, N.S.

In the *Journal of Clinical Psychology* (2001), in this paper, psychiatrist Fred Finsberg and psychologist Louise Jaxon suggest that patients schedule rest and relaxation intervals, even when less symptomatic. "In 10 years of clinical experience treating CFS, I have found that that advice, when combined with aerobic pacing, leads to gradual improvement in functioning.

Dr. Alison E. Boag, Toronto

CFS ended my 24-year career seven years ago. If my body is an engine with 10 cylinders, I operate on one. I look well, and can complete people's perceptions. At times I just need someone to show they understand. Your CFS article shows MacLean's understanding.

John A. Heale, London, Ont.

With regard to Stephen Lewis, I don't question that he had chronic fatigue syndrome, but to say he overcame it with willpower is difficult to believe and does not help the cause and understanding of CFS. Success would be only too happy if all they had to do was rely on their willpower to reverse better health or quality of life.

Valerie Martin, St. Albert, Alta.

The Mail

I was a 37-year-old divorced working mother who had met a wonderful man and the future looked so promising. The year 1989 was also the year I began my struggle with chronic fatigue and fibromyalgia. By belittling my symptoms and ignoring my complaints, the medical system failed me every time I tried to find out what this nightmare I was living was. I decided to go it alone, and with naturopathic rather than medical practitioners, because I was losing precious energy trying to fight a system that seemed unable to seek answers and doctors who seemed unwilling to think for themselves. We who have fibromyalgia will find the way, because within us is an incredible strength. Look where we have come from in just one cylinder.

Jane Webster, Waterloo, Ont.



Photo by John and Linda Lunn, Waterloo, Ont.

CFS is like operating on just one cylinder.

It may be crediting their good acts to an external source (higher power), but where does the fuel for the good acts of atheists and agnostics come from? Good and bad acts alike are committed by believers and non-believers. I prefer to take sole responsibility for my kind (and unkind) actions.

Karen Stroh, Santa Barbara

A voice for Canada

Although I was saddened by the passing of Dalton Camp and despair for his survival critique of the Canadian experience, I am heartened to find a new voice that seems to sing from a similar songbook. I have respected and appreciated the opinions and comments of Alan Gregg over the years, but with his "Wake up, Canada" (April 10) the narrative is truly past.

Murray MacClelland, Toronto

Alan Gregg's excellent article on the deep disconnect between what our elected were and what the federal and provincial governments deliver was dead on, only to be reinforced by succeeding articles on the Angus ("Can the Aurora do it?" Business, April 11) and the lack of a national daycare scheme ("The daycare dilemma," Life, April 8). The one omission I would have is that Gregg underplayed the corporate media's role in defining the will of the states through their campaigns of disinformation. The corpo-

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Sharon Doyle Driedger: The Human Touch



As the eldest of 12 children growing up in Montreal, Sharon Doyle Driedger had plenty of opportunities to develop an interest in people. That interest evolved into a deep appreciation for Canadians of all stripes as she spent working and studying in Ottawa, Vancouver, and Edmonton.

In 1984, she joined *Maclean's* as a researcher-reporter in Toronto. Now a senior writer on general assignments, Doyle Driedger still covers a lot of ground. She's equally at home writing about health care or covering crime, and she contributes pieces on lifestyle, religion and politics. It's a diverse beat for which her education—a B.S. in communications in philosophy and theology, and studies in English literature and fine arts—has prepared her well.

While she's the subject of the tickles every, all of her work is influenced by her unflinching determination to get the story right—and by her humanity. When asked about her style, Doyle Driedger gives this response: Lawrence Clark Powell. "He's said that water should think clearly, feel deeply and write honestly. That's my guiding principle."

Clearly, she has met her own mandate. In 1998, Doyle Driedger was a National Magazine Award for her cover story, "Eating Right." While she's grateful for professional recognition, the satisfaction of connecting with readers—and sources—outshines even more. "Often, 'ordinary Canadians' provide the most interesting and compelling stories," she says.

It's this opportunity to meet "ordinary Canadians" that Doyle Driedger likes best about her job. "Last week I got to talk to a stand-up comic, a drug addict and a senior citizen who'd just got married for the first time," she smiles. "What could be more interesting than that?"

Maclean's

Canada's Weekly Newsjournal

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Trespassers will be prosecuted

In a world where most humans have been sterilized and rivers fertilized, the urban environment is the final battleground for a shadowy group of explorers. They go gauntlets—knives, angles of the underground, urban warfare—but they share a common philosophy: to go where they're not supposed to, and to share their conquests with the growing fraternity of inner-city adventurers.

"Don't be disillusioned by rules; these are merely suggestions put in place to keep the more excited from hurting themselves," reads part of the *Net* site manifesto of the **Neoscore Exploration Group**, whose exploits include a dry-docked B.C. Ferry and scaling huge mountains of sulphur, piled like yellow jelly powder



at the docks of North Vancouver.

In Edmonton, a similarly amorphous adventurist Web site describes an "assaulted infiltrator" of the so-called civil defense trainers, and contains pictures of illegal entries to the roads and numerous recreational rooms of many of the city's largest office towers.

Even the *Net* itself is mysterious.

"We keep the unknown unknowns," the author writes, adding it is not a "casual emergence, because no urban explorer commits an cameras during exploration [he or she] is in it to impress."

He's right. The **Reptiles**, now semi-clandestine exploration group, gives

this warning about an abandoned hospital in St. John's: "It is very unhealthy to enter this building. There are many unstable sections as well as the threat of asbestos." *Neoscore's* 20th floor—both a view site and, code requires, an underground magazine—represents another risk: "Falling is a terrible, ever-rare risk," it lingers. "A terrible, ever-rare risk."

While the RCMP and Vancouver and Toronto police forces say they've been faced off these Net sites, the Toronto Transit Commission—whose subway

stations are prime infiltration targets—say aware of the problems: "It's a life-threatening activity," says a TTC spokesperson. "Then we'll arrest and prosecute anyone we find to be prohibited intruders." Risk, and bragging rights, are part of the attraction: "There are those who hold that putting one's life in mortal peril makes one feel more alive," explains a member of **Neoscore**.

Even the ones who do us just get a kick out of it." **Neoscore**



Kill me first, please

Toronto actor **Jeff Gadzuk** is the star of *Never Kill a Man*—for his enemies. "The movie opens with me as an

army soldier guarding Jason," says Gadzuk, 26. "I'm not going to kill it, but he's gonna. I'm the first one to go."

Ever since *Die Hard* became a *Die Hard* franchise, being the "badder" villain has had a certain cool factor

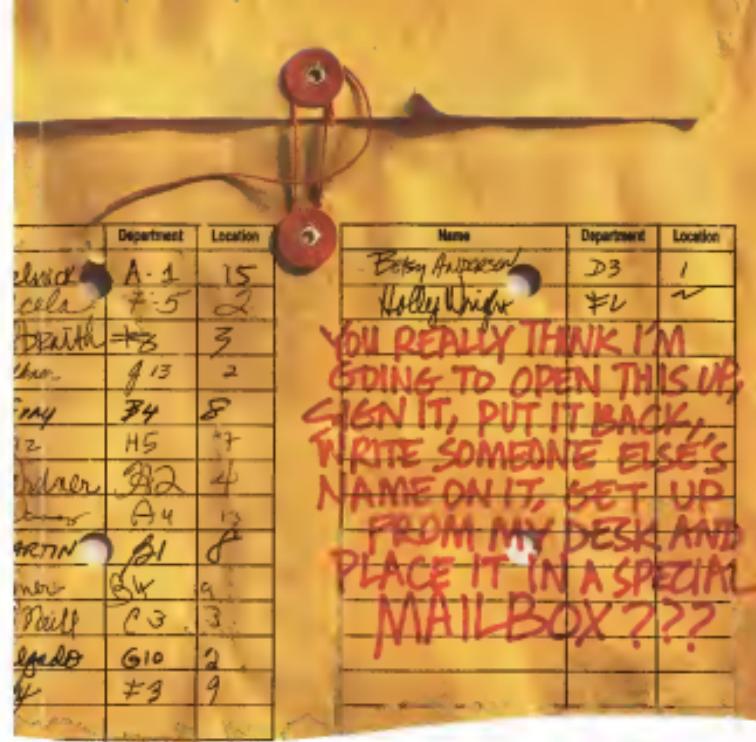
Over and Under Achievers

→ **Jeff Christian**: Straps off new U.S. military command for North America. What's Christian's policy on commercial clients? "We know, when to PM North America is when we like

→ **Anna McEwen**: Helps **Swiss Reinsurance** of North East responsibilities, but has been keep foreign urban artis jobs to she denouncing him or not? This occurs as requirements in NRP circles.

→ **Stewart Bell**: Beasts Foreign Minister Bill Graham in spawning over governments' decision to let terrorist group Hezbollah raise "social and humanitarian" funds in Canada. Surprise: Stock lives

And Gadzuk adds this casting coup to his already quirky resume, which includes the coupe-wearing role of **Mike Nessius** in TV's *Daydream Believers*: "This is the *Macbeth* story—a whole different kind of scary movie."



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Table for one, hold the attitude

There's always a stigma about eating alone—the fear of a crusty server and of strange, prying looks from other diners. But *Table for One: The Solo Diner's Restaurant Guide*, can help mitigate the psychological demons of dining on one's own. Montreal-born, New York City-based author **WENNETT KAZEMI** has pulled together guides for Chicago and New York City—Angeles will hit stores in October—in which he rates hundreds of restaurants according to price, solo friendliness, and atmosphere. *Table for One* (\$12) is available at www.kazemi.com.

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the inability of most, well pleased diners. For hungry diners everywhere, Kazemi offers some strategies:

- Bring reading material: a notebook or an ergonomic book can't pull out a laptop.
- Ask for a table by the window or at the counter. Even sitting by the window can increase the chance that someone will notice you.
- Avoid crowded tables. They draw attention to the solo diner and have the "ambiance of an anatomy class" opposite flight.
- If traveling, ask your hotel concierge to make your reservation. The restaurant is going to want the hotel to rebook their place again.

Best solo dining
Kazemi picks for solo-friendly Canadian restaurants:

- **Avi's restaurant** in each location has early bird specials usually every Sunday before seating tables for nine.
- **Pre-Flight** is a rubber mat that a place is eager for business.
- **Avi's new restaurants** often give away press, worth \$100 each off.
- **For solo diners in Canada, New Jersey and Florida** are very hospitable—both are highly sophisticated about food while being friendly and relaxed. But in Montreal, smoothie rules the day.

Jean and the flying Taj Mahal

Prine Minister Jean Chretien could have given himself a lot of grief over the controversial purchase of two new Challenger aircraft. The Department of National Defence already owned an airplane specifically refurbished to ferry around the PM. His office, the Airbus A310 which Chretien, as leader of the Opposition in 1983, famously dubbed the "flying Taj Mahal." That was when he was on the point of naming Brian Mulroney as his replacement, residing in the petals of high office.

A Defense spokesman says the "flying Taj" is still available for the

thoughtless lapses about the comfort of the media if they find the accommodation cramped, he tells them. In all seriousness, they must always write a letter requesting that the VIP Airbus be deployed in the future. The reporters have failed to take the bus. So Chretien now flies today at a cost of \$100 million. The more modest Challenger. And the cost of Chretien's has taken the opportunity to gently remind Chretien of his decades-old promise to reduce extravagance. So comes the time the PM is paying first-class fare, but riding in coach.

Julian Bellante

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Radio Two

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Radio One



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Fox	104.7	90.7	(99.9)	99.7	100.7	99.5	100.5	100.5	102.7	102.7



Over to You CRAIG HOOPER

A return to darkness

When you drive into Prince George as a cold day, the pulp mill plumes hang over the city like malevolent cobwebs. On such a day last fall, I am facing a panel of seven white members of the B.C. Liberal Party, the Select Standing Committee on Aboriginal Affairs. They didn't like what this middle-aged white man had to say about their proposed referendum on B.C.'s approach to treaty negotiations.

I was there because of my respect for the native elders I've come to know while researching aboriginal heritage trails in B.C.'s coastal forests. I had won the panel when I learned I had 30 years working for the Ministry of Forests, where my job is to ensure loggers conserve cultural heritage resources. Then Native people have been occupying the land here for about 7,000 years. A little over 200 years ago, when the first European came down the river that flows a few miles from the hotel we were staying in, you could still drink the water from the Fraser—the Ushishuk as the natives called it. Every creek, river and mountain had its First Nations name.

Like a parallel universe, the First Nations world had had another layer of concrete cities, highways, farms, and white place names transposed upon it. Both worlds are important. Travelling through this modern layer and through the forest, I keep bumping into evidence of that First Nations world: handprints of archeological sites along roads and blakoshons, the telltale depressions of semi-underground winter lodges, thousands of pet and totem poles. When Alexander Mackenzie arrived in 1793, he found the natives living in organized societies, managing the land through a complex family and clan system. They guided and fed him, drew maps for him on hide and bark and led him to the Pacific Ocean.

Tourists visiting the restored Victorian cottage Penn Elzer House in Victoria probably won't notice that in 1892 it was the home of Indian reserve commissioner Peter O'Reilly. He worked for Joseph Trutch, the B.C. government's point man on the "Indian Question," who felt the best course was to relieve the First Peoples of as much of their land as possible, by force if necessary. O'Reilly rode through the Interior speaking to chiefs through interpreters, "regaining" reserves at each village. As his crew hacked up blazes on trees, laying out the accapular "roads" of the reserves, their survey lines conferred



a spurious legitimacy on what was, by definition, theft. The natives never ceded the land, the B.C. government had never declared a military conquest, and because of politicians like Trutch, no treaties were ever made.

As I did my historical research, I discovered, if families, patterns emerged of collaboration between government, the church, and even corporations, to control and disenfranchise aboriginal people. Why are these past injustices relevant now? It's because in this referendum I see a return to that darkness.

In 1995, in the small town where I live, a native woman took her son to confessional confessions with the Catholic priest. The family and the white priest went to a restaurant for lunch. The owner would not serve Indians. The restaurant owner is still in town—he's getting old, but I'm sure he'll be voting in the referendum. Just two years ago, in the town shopping mall, this same woman—an Order of Canada recipient who holds an honorary university degree—was having a conversation with a friend, also in her 80s, in their native language. They were spied by the security guard who, when asked why he did it, replied that he couldn't understand what they were saying, so he assumed they were drunk.

This aboriginal giant will be voting in the referendum along with thousands of others who know little of aboriginal history or many issues and could care less—people whose negative stereotypes of an entire race are formed by their observations of a few tame animals and whose closest contact with native lives or issues is driving through a mirror with their windows rolled up and their doors locked.

The wisdom that I spoke of first now, but she still has hope for her people. She'll never get to participate in treaty negotiations because B.C. has stalled and stalled—and is still still. Most of the elders who lived close to the land are gone now, while the young are a racing social time bomb.

The question on the Liberal mail-in ballot referendum, which must be returned by May 15, is posed for the political chutzpah that it is—a \$9-million mistake that is redundant, unfair, divisive and totally counterproductive. I hope history judges them well.

Craig Hooper lives on the shore of Shuswap Lake, near Kamloops in central B.C.

The Week That Was



Justice for Randal

The agony of disease inflicted on the frail body of Randal Bentley before his September, 1998, death makes clear why he is considered one of the worst cases of child abuse in Canadian legal history. Medical experts said the seven-year-old boy's clump of brain injuries likely caused by being shaken repeatedly. As well as discovering cuts, sores and bruises, a pathologist on his exhumed, 49-ground body found 13 broken ribs, a fractured liver, a tooth in his stomach and a crushed adrenal gland that never secreted their steroids for Randal's master, his father, Tony Bentley, 36.



and stepbrother Marsha Dooley, 33, maintained the boy had been accidentally beaten during the year he lived with them in Toronto after leaving his birth mother. As they recounted both Marsha and Tony Bentley as their seven-degree master, the courtroom erupted in silence, including sheets of "jeopardy!" like complaints, who subsequently faced life in prison with no chance of parole for at least 30 years, will be sentenced on May 3.



Convicted prosecutor Rita Ward claimed otherwise. She argued during the three-month trial which heard from 61 witnesses and

Canadian free at last
After being detained by U.S. authorities for seven months, Shiekh Attah was deported home to Toronto. Attah, a Canadian citizen born in Pakistan, was arrested in New York City nine days after the terrorist attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon. The 39-year-old son of about 1,200 foreigners stranded in the aftermath of Sept. 11—shattered panes shattered and shattered him up—and he spent five months in solitary confinement. He was charged three months after his arrest with illegally entering the United States and plotted with British plotters to join a sleek action lawsuit against the U.S. government for unlawful confinement and inhumane treatment.

B.C. search expands

Police investigating the disappearance of 50 women from Vancouver's Downtown Eastside turned their attention to a building where accused serial killer Robert Pickton and his brother had long-time partner, nursing disabled white Japanese. Forensic investigators searched the area around a dilapidated house known as Piggy's Palace. The property is one of the last of Pickton's pig farms in Port Coquitlam, which police have said to search in February. Pickton has been charged with 49 first-degree murders of six of the missing women.

Coup reversed

After being accepted last office on April 12, Venezuela's popular leader Hugo Chávez returned as president four days later—thanks to the troops who had kicked him out of office. They exonerated him after he removed徘徊ed thousands of supporters to take to the streets, leading to confrontations that left at least 49 people dead.

Flood and fire

One man with a match was able to do what the watery waters of the Seine were unable to do in

PHOTO: AP/WIDEWORLD



Water in the 2003 deluge

weld an in-economically-combined

The Bank of Canada raised its key interest rate in October of a year, saying, "a timely recovery appears to be underway in Canada." It was the first hike in nearly two years and analysts predicted the bank would continue to bring up the level by a total of a full point by year's end. The rate was still a historically cheap 2.25 per cent, keeping the bank prime rate used for variable mortgages and lines of credit similarly low at four per cent.

Nevertheless, the International Monetary Fund predicted Canada

would lead the Group of Seven industrialized countries with a growth rate of 2.6 per cent in 2003 and 3.6 per cent in 2004.

The recovery has confounded the previously cautious predictions of Finance Minister Paul Martin, who

In December expected only a slight surplus when the federal government's fiscal year ended on March 31. Instead, revenues are

up 10 per cent, and the deficit is projected to be \$10 billion.

Passages

Awarded: Calgary author and novelist Michael Ondracek



Passages

was given the Lescap

Medal for Humor

for his novel *General*.

Another book

by Ferguson

co-written with his

brother Jim, *How to Be a Can*

ada

was also nominated for

the \$10,000 prize.

Obit: In 1940, Tony Pangelly a Second World War bomber pilot, was shot down and sent to a prison camp in Sagan, southeast of Berlin. In 1944, he helped 25 men escape through the tunnel at Stalag Luft III by digging long tunnels. After being liberated, he returned home to Canada. Pangelly died in Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont.,

on April 12.

Obit: Toronto, Ont.-born

Robert Gaukler located his last TV

in the 1973 comedy series

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice, and

later starred in *Spenser For*

Her

The actor had a summer

home in Ontario's Prince Edward

County, Ont., a quiet sheet of

water surrounded by soft-wood

forests in Los Angeles.

Dropped: Nova Scotia Crown

prosecutors will not proceed

with eight sex-related charges

against former police

David Ragan, 74, saying they believe

he would not receive a just sentence

and that some of the

complaints did not want to

go to court.

Obit: In 1947, Norwegian ex-

pilot Thor Asbjørnsen

set out

on a boat with friend Ron Tidj,

to pilot the Polynesian Islands

which had been populated

from 18,000 B.C. in the

Marquesas Islands 1,000 years

ago. The two men

led a boat to the

Oceanic islander

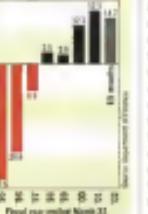
Thor Asbjørnsen, encouraged him

to migrate.

The BOTTOM LINES

October's surplus or deficit

in \$ billions



McNamee, left, Canada is becoming again. And its May to lead the

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The Week That Was



A historical shot: 1984 visitors numbers in Quebec

Twenty years after

Last week marked the 20th anniversary of the adoption of the Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms—a deal for reconciliation in Ottawa and bitter dissatisfaction in Quebec. City residents gathered to celebrate the event at the National Arts Centre. Among the speakers: Prime Minister Jean Chrétien, who as Justice minister in Pierre Trudeau's Liberal government played an integral role in the negotiations that ultimately ended Canada's government by an act of the British parliament, the British North America Act. Parliament and the Charter's adoption on April 17, 1982. Chrétien declared, was the "most profoundly democratic decision in our history."

Among other things, the Charter guaranteed freedom of religion and free speech, and entrenched the equality of the sexes, a landmark endorsement of women's rights. Since 1982, the Supreme Court of Canada has made more than 600 Charter decisions—many of them on contentious issues such as advertising

sunrise shopping restrictions, abortion law and discriminatory provincial rules. Politicians repeatedly indicated most Canadians like the Charter and believe it has become a defining element of the country.

That includes many Quebecers—who nevertheless remain angry about how the Constitution deal was reached. In an event bitterly remembered in Quebec as the "night of the long knives," federal politicians and one premier withheld the final details of the deal without the knowledge of then premier René Lévesque. Quebec refused to sign the Canadian Constitution Act of 1982, the future of subsequent constitutional talks only contributing to anger in that province, which came close to voting No in the 1995 sovereignty referendum. Last week, Premier Bernard Landry said Quebec without Quebec's consent was "an anti-democratic gesture." He added that the 20th-year impasse over the Constitution highlights the need for negotiation. The Parti Québécois leader made his comments the same week the PQ lost three by-elections—its ridge once overwhelmingly sovereigntist.

By Mark J. Smith, a political analyst with the Canadian Institute for the Study of Democracy. To comment on this column, e-mail mark.smith@sfu.ca.



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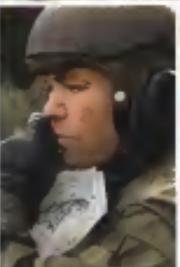
DEATH BY FRIENDLY FIRE

The country mourns four soldiers—while Ottawa and Washington face tough questions

BY JOHN GEDDES IN OTTAWA

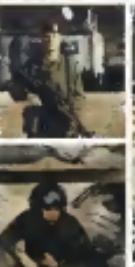
The only term we have for it is the unpossibly inadequate Vietnam War-era phrase "friendly fire." It seems a bare joke to apply that euphemism to the mighty explosion at Tarnac Pukh, a sharp, desolate patch of Afghanistan. Four Canadian soldiers died there, the first killed in a combat mission over the Khoste Waz, and eight more were wounded. They were hit by a so-called "smart bomb"—another modern military equation that now casts as false—a laser-guided, 500-lb. bomb dropped by the American pilot of an F-16 fighter jet. In the grief that followed, there were many who remarked that this sort of mistake, sadly happens in war. "It just reminds us all of the business we are in," said Brig. Gen. Ivan Poston, the top-ranking officer in Edmonton, where the dead and injured soldiers were based. "We do dangerous things with dangerous equipment."

But that moral, soldierly response may not be adequate. The deadly danger of friendly fire was identified as a major military problem after the 1991 Persian Gulf War, when 39 of 148 U.S. deaths were attributed to such accidents. But how much and change on the battlefield has resulted from those heightened concerns is an open question just one month, the National Audit Office, the British equivalent of Canada's federal auditor general, said.



Among the wounded (clockwise from above):

Cpl. Shane Brewster; Master Cpl. Stanley Clark; Cpl. Brian Doolittle; Cpl. Brett Perry (bottom, bottom); Pte. Curtis Hollister (top right); Pte. Heather Link with the Governor General (top left); Sgt. Lance Ford



REMEMBERING THE FALLEN

All of the slain were paratroopers and members of Alpha Company, 3rd Battalion, Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, based in Edmonton

Sgt. Marc D. Léger, 29, Lancaster, Ont.

A veteran of four tours of duty in more years, Léger had served twice in Bosnia and once in Croatia. Out side their Edmonton home, his wife, Madley, said, "I'm going to miss him very much, and I loved him very much, and I'm extremely proud of him."



Cpl. Amos D. Dyer, 25, Toronto

Known simply as Dyer, he was a big man who earned his squad's C-6 machine-gun. But the recently engaged Dyer was a gentle giant who never had a bad thing to say about anyone. "He was like my older brother," said Cpl. Yan Bourque, who accompanied Dyer's flag-draped coffin back to Canada. "He was always looking out for me. Now, all my ears to look out for him."



Pte. Richard A. Green, 22, Mississauga, Ont.

Green joined the Canadian Forces in 1998, after graduating from high school. He'd served in Bosnia, and was planning to marry his fiancée, Maranda Beaufort, the summer. His comrades called him "Sunny" for his sunny disposition. "He enjoyed the subzero regions," said his grandmother Joyce Clemons, "even though he was afraid of heights."



Pte. Nathan Smith, 27, Intercourse, N.S.

Smith also joined the Forces in 1998, and also leaves a fiancée, Jody He. He was a by-the-book soldier, said Pte. Michael Frank of Burnie, Ont., who accompanied Smith's remains back to Canada. Frank and Smith had planned to work on Frank's business. "I'll still finish it but it won't be the same."



Canada and the World

a tough report asking the British Ministry of Defense to take action for not doing enough to protect its troops from friendly fire (nine British soldiers were killed during the Gulf War as an American air raid gone wrong). And a recent NATO analysis again raised the alarm, noting that "friendly fire" has accounted for many of the coalition casualties in the war against terrorism in Afghanistan.

After last week, a new sense of urgency in the Canadian Forces on how to minimize the risk of friendly fire is inevitable. Any reforms, though, will come too late for the dead and the families they left behind. One new widow's touching account of how she received the terrible news started to capture, with anguished, plain-spoken eloquence, the national mood of shock and mourning. "It was like the movies," Marley Leger, 27, told reporters in front of the Edmonton house she had shared with her husband, Sgt. Marc Leger. "I awoke, three men came to the door and took their berets off and said, 'There's been an accident.' And I said, 'Is he OK?' and they said, 'No.' And I said, 'Is he gone?' And they said, 'Yes. I'm so sorry.'"

Sorry—and, sorrowful, too, of course—but there were also hints of anger and incredulity in the response of senior Canadian military officers. Gen. Ray Headlam, the chief of defence staff, himself a pilot, was careful to note that the U.S. flyboys mistakenly targeted the Canadians—thirty were participating in a nighttime live-ammunition training exercise—but to make a decision in a matter of seconds. Still, Headlam seemed to have trouble convincing himself when he was asked if there was any chance the Canadians had failed to properly alert U.S. forces about what they were doing and where. "The operations and training exercises are done with the full knowledge of our allies," he said. "So I am absolutely convinced that all of the requirements that have to be followed were followed."

That leaves attention firmly fixed on the American pilot. He is reportedly a member of the U.S. Air National Guard—not a full-time military pilot. But U.S. military experts were quick to refute suggestions that might mean he was more prone to error. Maj. Brad Lowell, a spokesman with the Longue, En campagne command for the U.S.-led coalition in



Afghanistan, and returned from extremely harsh active plains, and many are trained. Gen. Gul, the veterans with combat experience. There were conflicting reports about whether the pilot in this case made his own decision or had authorization from ground control or an AWACS command plane high overhead to drop his bombs. He may have acted alone, believing he was under fire when he saw the B-100s from the Canadians practising on the ground. Lowell assured that U.S. planes had the go-ahead to "take on targets of opportunity" as they are seen, and to defend themselves.

But the Canadians could have appeared to be al-Qaeda terrorists if hard to understand. About 100 were conducting a routine exercise just 14 km from the coalition air base in Kandahar. The *Toronto Star* reported they were using had been clearly designed for such practice fighting, and was often used by coalition troops. According

Governor General Adrienne Clarkson, the commander in chief of the Canadian Forces, was on hand to greet the wounded as they arrived to Kemptville, Ontario, to be treated at a U.S. military hospital (opposite page). Members of Parliament pay their respects in the House of Commons (above), in Edmonton, home to the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry. An expression of sympathy for surviving family members

ary officer. One member of the board, Brig.-Gen. Marc Durand, will also serve on a parallel U.S. inquiry, after U.S. Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld invited Canadian participation. Christopher Hedges, an analyst with the Washington-based Center for Defense Information, said that, typically, this sort of inquiry in the U.S. involves a "no-fault investigation," involving extensive interviews with everybody involved and an assessment of how the command structure functioned. Once a report is issued, the military brass decides what should happen next, which can range from a finding of no fault to a full court martial if the pilot is judged to have been negligent.

But beyond apportioning blame in this tragedy, experts say real progress in cutting down on friendly fire deaths will require new technology and better command systems. In military jargon, the issue is "command and control"—noting who's friend from foe in often confused or chaotic battle situations. Joe Gordon, a technical adviser with the U.S. armed forces' Joint Combat Identification/Evaluation Team, a research group set up in response to friendly fire concerns raised by the Gulf War, says the new systems already being tested are promising. One would see a fighter or saturation-bomb a missile target at its target, taking for identification before launching a missile or dropping a bomb. Friendly forces on the ground would be equipped with compatible devices that would automatically send back a message identifying them. The right gunner and shooter sequence "could override the operator's decision to release the armaments," Gordon says.

But technological fixes are not later. Mourning comes first, and there is no innovation when it comes to grieving for those wasted in war. "For this moment, we must give over our hearts and prayers to the loved and the lost, and to the families to whom the nation holds a debt of gratitude that is beyond mortal calculation," Prime Minister Jean Chretien said in the House of Commons. That phrase, "the loved and the lost," was used by Abraham Lincoln in a famous letter to a mother whose five sons were killed in the Civil War. Christians spoke to the fortitude of the Canadians who died in Afghanistan. Peter Mansbridge, an *English* commentator, said: "The Toronto Star's coverage of the incident has been outstanding. It has been a powerful reminder of the terrible cost of war."

With Julian Boutilier in Ottawa

BAD MOVES IN THE GREAT GAME

Even before the tragedy, some coalition partners were bridling at the U.S.

BY ARTHUR KENT

A friendly fire tragedy places acute anxiety on any army, but its impact on an alliance can be explosive. Grief, frustration and anger bleed up through the machinery that holds the patchwork of national forces together. The crisis of urgent questioning can establish reasons but never a completely satisfactory answer. That's because there simply is no excuse, particularly during a training exercise, for one survivor to shoot his brothers in arms in the back, for the same basic functions of command and coordination to break down so shamefully.

In this case, for the American commanders of coalition forces in Afghanistan, the disgrace of killing highly valued Canadian allies in Kandahar to result in much more than embarrassment. Even before this horrific battle, several of Washington's coalition partners were bristling at the Pentagon's chronic overreliance on high technology and the Bush administration's unilateral approach to conducting war and diplomacy. And not without reason. The U.S.-led campaign in Afghanistan has gradually transitioned to a standstill, crippled by intelligence failures, under strength forces, vacuous or inappropriate advice and by slogging off a budget of foreign newcomers to The Great Game, bad luck.

In this context, the incident south of Kandahar is causing some observers to predict a collapse of sorts among Washington's coalition partners, who've placed too many of their young soldiers lives on the line to just wait for their next marching orders in George W. Bush's war against terrorism. "Of course countries like Britain and Canada won't quit the fight," says one diplomat associated with British troops now patrolling Kabul. "But officers and politicians from all nations in the coalition now have every right to insist on some big changes. They deserve not just to be heard by our friends at the Pentagon, but to have their voice accepted and acted upon."

These changes, according to insiders with ISAF, the International Security Assistance Force based in Kabul, will involve much more than ensuring that a joint-force fighter pilot is sold where a company of anti-terrorists from Islamabad might be sharpening up their fire-fighting skills. They will focus, as well, on the overall strategy and conduct of the war.

One world's admiration by senior officials of the Bush administration that the campaign's commander, Gen. Tommy Franks, erred by not deploying more U.S. and coalition ground forces in the December assault on al-Qaeda forces at Tora Bora, perhaps making Osama bin Laden to escape to Pakistan, comes after months of grumbling, particularly in British military circles, that the Americans place too great an emphasis on aerial bombing, and too little on ground work on the ground.

The severe addition to the campaign's 1,500 anti-terrorists of Britain's Royal Marines is the direct result of complaints from London that Pentagon

planners spend too much time with their heads in the clouds.

"When American boots do get dirty, it's too often that coalition forces storm their way into blind canyons, handicapped by inadequate intelligence-gathering and analysis. In early March, for example, in the Shab-i-Kas district near Gudar, American commanders sent a small detachment of assault into a valley that U.S. spies suspected was the hideout of dozens of al-Qaeda and Taliban fighters. Instead, hundreds of enemy soldiers were dug in on surrounding peaks and ridges. The resulting ambush claimed the most U.S. combat casualties in a single mission since the Afghan campaign began last October."

Red-faced Pentagon spokesmen were forced to admit that as many as 1,000 gunmen were lurking in Shab-i-Kas. But they insisted that every possible escape route was blocked by the more than 2,000 coalition soldiers who had been drawn into the battle. Operation Anacrusis was meant to eradicate the scattered bands of fugitives, closing down on their escape routes with walls like coils of coalition forces. But since again, precise information about the elusive enemy was scarce, and the U.S. command was slow to take full measure of the sympathy and assistance given to al-Qaeda and Taliban forces by tribal leaders in the region.

Despite intense bombing, only a handful of bodies was found. Soldiers in the scene admitted that plugging every gap in the region's border with neighbouring Pakistan was impossible. When the Princess Paas followed up in their first mission in the region last month, swooping Tora Ghar mountains, they also discovered that few enemy casualties could be confirmed. Against this, the Bush administration's insistence that "intelligence of terrorism" had been killed rang hollow. After all, only one senior al-Qaeda leader, Abu Zubaydah, has been captured in its months of warfare. Another has been killed: Mohammed Aref, Osama bin Laden's head of operations. But Taliban leader Mullah Mohammed Omar and most of his former cabinet are alive and well—and reportedly plotting their return to influence from sanctuaries in Afghanistan's interior and in Pakistan.

The West's military choices do nothing to help Afghanistan's interim government, which is the shadow of trying to balance the excessively high hopes of the world community with the meager resources provided that far by the UN and the U.S.-led coalition. Thus, the return last week of former king Mohammed Zahir Shah from 30 years of exile in Rome has been greeted with jubilation by the war majority of Afghans, who see him as a symbol of unity and reconciliation. But his arrival had been delayed by a full month due to security concerns. Only a small crowd of officials met his plane at Kabul airport, and his entourage from the airport sped swiftly through the capital.

Only 10 days before, the interim defence minister, Mohammed Fahim, was targeted by assassins near Jalalabad. Four people were killed and 18 injured when a bomb exploded at the front of his residence. Fahim escaped unharmed. The attack followed the marching up of more than 250 people in Kabul on an alleged plot to overthrow the government. Fahim and his close associates



place—an Afghan UN employee was murdered in the northern city of Mazar-i-Sharif in early April—and even ISAF troops do not consider themselves safe, especially after dark, in the arms of the capital. In Kunduz last week, a gunman opened fire on two U.S. soldiers trudging through town. One of the Americans and a civilian were wounded in the attack. Meanwhile, a war of letters is underway. U.S. forces are distributing handbills urging local Afghans to support the interim government, while al-Qaeda flyers offering bounties for the killing and kidnapping of Westerners have been pushed under doors as at least one province, Paktya.

It is across this parlous landscape that Hamid Karzai and his ministers must shepherd representation from every province, district and valley in Afghanistan to the loya jaga, or grand assembly, in June. The assembly is the next crucial test toward free elections in 18 months' time. All of Karzai's powerful foreign benefactors have pledged their support. In the shadows, however, things aren't so clear or comforting.

The blackbow-prone veterans of the Afghan war, America's CIA, seem unable to shake off habits formed in the pre-Taliban and Soviet era. Even while Bush repeats the mantra, "There can be no end to warfighting in Afghanistan," the CIA has tried to buy the loyalty of local warlords the old-fashioned way—by shelling a lot of money in their pockets. In January of this year, residents in Farah, Pakistan, were reporting a surge in sales of big, gaudily printed fakirs. Payment was always in US\$5 U.S. bills and it was mainly Afghanistan's self-preserved and Taliban local potentates doing the big spending. "The decision seems to be that if we can't put enough of our own troops on the ground to secure strategic provinces, then we've got to rent the next best thing—a friendly warlord," says one U.S. congressional aide. "Just because that approach blew up in our face before and gave us the Taliban doesn't mean we won't try again now."

That very comment aside, the Americans won't have long to wait before experiencing their next blast of blackbow. The reaping of poppies in many of the country's opium-producing regions is indirectly the result, say diplomatic sources in Kabul, of magnified partitioning by the U.S. Several of the local commissioners who sided with the Americans against the Taliban in Kandahar and at Tora Bora quickly turned their attention to negotiating their share of opium cultivation and trafficking in their regions, which the Taliban took from them during their rise to power. Farmers, too, are eager to replant, and in one incident last month, four officials of the interim government who offered no little in compensation to burn the poppies. One official was killed and four wounded. Widespread revolts of the male now seem impossible to prevent.

Some sense within Washington intelligence circles say the upsurge in warlordism means there's an urgent need to redefine the end goals of the Afghan campaign. "For gods' sakes, all you could hear around D.C. was the sound of everyone parting each other on the back for locking the Taliban out of Kabul," says one analyst. "You couldn't imagine a word of criticism without being called an imperialist. We've got to get over that and get back to the drawing board, big time." Even if that happens, a refined strategy will do little to console the grief-stricken families of Canada's friendly fire victims. Nor will it ease suspicions that the Bush administration's war against terrorism has lost its way in the Afghan wilderness, and did so because a sense of success triumphed obscured even the fog of war.

THE RETURN OF THE KING

Dancers in white tunics and red sashes swayed to the beat of drums while thousands of people lined the roadsides to catch a glimpse of their former king. After 20 years in exile, Mohammad Zahir Shah, 87, returned to Afghanistan last week. He waved to the crowd and shook hands with tribal leaders before getting into a State Mercedes-Benz for the drive to his newly refurbished home in Kabul. "It's a sacred day," said outsider Zweig immediately. "I think all Afghans hope he will bring peace to the country."

Few observers expect the tall former king, who reigned from 1933 until he was ousted in a palace coup in 1973, to be more than a benevolent father figure. He is seen as a placid ex-king content to let the warlords and Islamic fundamentalists who fought the control of the country following his departure in June, to will continue a log-jam, a national assembly of tribal elders and other Afghan representatives, who will select a new government to rule the country until elections in late 2003. There are no plans for restoration of the monarchy, but Shah should be allowed to spend his final years serving his people. "I'm a peasant who does his duty," he says. "I will carry out my role and minister the people of Afghanistan until he becomes on me."

blotted Golafshan Helmand, the enormous valley of previous decades of Afghanistan's decades-long warlords' drama. But opponents of Fahim's ethnically Tajik cadre, who dominate the interim government, claim that the spouse of a prince of by Helmandary was used as a proxy by the Tajiks to keep their rival Pushtun politicians off balance.

Trapped by this confusion and strife is the interim prime minister, Hamid Karzai, himself a living symbol of the last appearance of Washington's Afghan adventure. Ever since his swearing-in last December, Karzai has appealed in vain to the Bush administration and the UN for more peacekeeping troops. Without them, he warned, the countrywide would descend into chaos as the old warlords rekindled their feuds.

He's been proven right. Attacks on aid workers are common-



THE IRAQ QUESTION

The Israeli-Palestinian conflict spells trouble for Bush's plan to take on Saddam

BY TOM FENNELL

The stench of decaying bodies hangs over the Jenin refugee camp—indeed, the barbed evidence that something terrible has happened here. Weena, trembling hands held over their faces in a futile attempt to block the smell, walks slowly through the mounds of rubble interspersed with the carcasses of hundreds of destroyed homes. They talk of anger that

is clearly raw, rocket attacks from helicopters, of people being buried alive in their houses by Israeli bulldozers. "They haven't spared anything," said Raja, a 46-year-old mother of 10 as she gestured at the destruction surrounding her. "Not even children."

The Palestinians say as many as 400 people died in Jenin during a 10-day battle with the Israeli army. The leading claim 70 earned two days ago was laid U.S. Sec-

urity of State Colin Powell travelled to the region last week in an attempt to negotiate an end to the bitter fighting that began on March 28, when Israel launched an offensive across the West Bank against militants who had killed more than 450 Israelis over the past 18 months. But he made little headway with Palestinian leader Yasser Arafat or Israeli Prime Minister Ariel Sharon.

The Israeli did pull their troops out of

a number of West Bank cities and towns, including Jenin. But in a final meeting with Powell, Arafat angrily refused to call for an end to the ongoing conflict here, or even to apologize. Palestinians used bombs to stop their bloody campaign against the Jewish state. And the day following Powell's return to Washington, a Palestinian blew himself up in a car at a checkpoint in the Gaza Strip, injuring two Israeli soldiers. "The great American came in and accomplished nothing," said Eliezer Lerner, director of the Beger-Sadat Center for Strategic Studies in Tel Aviv. "The U.S. is the bighangnack of the Middle East."

None of Washington's long-range plans, Arab leaders gave Powell a cool welcome. In vain did Duranovic and Birnbaum

say that Israel had gone too far and that Bush had to offer much stronger support for the Palestinians. And on Powell's scheduled second visit with Egyptian Hosni Mubarak, he was shamed outright when the president suddenly became "independent." All that spelled trouble for George W. Bush's plan to open a second front in his war against terror by taking an Iraqi President Saddam Hussein this fall. With the Israeli-Palestinian conflict inflaming emotions in the region, and with Powell returning to Washington empty-handed, any move against Saddam will now likely have to wait until well into next year. "An attack on Iraq is absolutely not viable in the near future," says retired Rear Admiral Eugene Cornwell, a Washington military analyst. "The Middle East cannot sustain two conflicts at the same time."

Doaged by the anti-terror coalition's extraordinarily quick overthrow of Afghanistan's Taliban government, brooks in the Bush administration, including Vice-President Dick Cheney and Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld, believed they could oust Saddam in a matter of weeks. But in private talks with Bush prior to leaving for the Middle East, Powell convinced the President that there can be no more against Iraq and fighting between the Israelis and Palestinians sides. Certainly there is little support for an attack among Arabs. "We don't understand," says Jassir Barzani, a Palestinian who joined massive street protests against Israel in Cairo. "why innocent people should pay it because we're to get it Saddam."

An assault on Iraq, which the Bush administration accuses of developing weapons of mass destruction and sponsoring terror, was high on the agenda when the President hosted British Prime Minister Tony Blair on April 7 in his study in Crawford, Tex. "I have made up my mind that Saddam needs to go," Bush told reporters. Blair was equally determined. "The regime of Saddam is despicable," he said. "To allow weapons of mass destruction to be developed by Iraq would be to ignore the lessons of Sept. 11, and we will not do it."

Washington is continuing to lay the groundwork for an attack. The CIA has presented Bush with a plan to destabilize Saddam with a massive covert action campaign. While details of the plan have not

been made public, it's believed the CIA plan to build a major broadcasting tower on the Iraqi border, rank likely in Turkey, which would boastfully the country 24 hours a day with stories detailing the cruelty of Saddam and his family. The broadcast could also dwell on the former Saddam has hidden in bank accounts around the world. As well, the CIA is expected to greatly increase financing for dissident groups inside and outside of Iraq.

There are few in the U.S. military who believe Bush will war beyond the end of next year before finishing what his father started more than a decade ago in the Gulf War. And some politicians, including British Foreign Secretary Jack Straw, say that, by choosing to invade Iraq, Bush may be trying to avoid the fate of his father. George Bush Sr. was riding high in popularity following the Gulf War, but he failed to be re-elected when the focus turned to domestic issues and the squatting U.S. economy. With a victory over Saddam, and by keeping Americans on a war footing, his son would be better equipped to defend.

The trigger for an attack, if it comes, will likely be increased U.S. demands that Saddam open the country—even his palaces—to UN weapons inspectors. The Iraqi dossier will have no choice but to release, analysts say, which is the excuse Washington will use to move against Baghdad. "When the president puts a second term in 2004," said a senior Bush political adviser, "Saddam will be out of power and probably dead—that's the game plan."

But if the U.S. proceeds, it will likely have to act without full Arab support. There is a little backing in the Middle East for an leap offensive that analysts believe some Arab regimes, including Saudi Arabia and Egypt, could be opposed in mass uprising if they helped the U.S. invasion. "Even if the leaders agreed with the United States that Saddam is bad for Iraq," says Joe Sestak, an adviser with the Washington-based think-tank Foreign Policy in Focus, "their people wouldn't support it."

Over the past two weeks, Cairo has already seen two of the worst protests in recent history against Israel and America. Some analysts have speculated that if the United States took a hard line against Israel, Arab leaders might be more inclined to back an attack on Iraq. But others say



Saddam Hussein with supporters in Baghdad in a rally in 1995 (left); Powell and Sharon met in Israel last week as the U.S. secretary of state tried unsuccessfully to negotiate an end to the violence between Israelis and Palestinians.

even that wouldn't help. "We are not ready to kill Saddam's neck for Palestinian pacifists," said Abdallah al-Atrash, a professor of International Law at the University of Caesarea. "We feel that the Iraqi people need some sort of justice now because they have been harassed between the United States and Saddam himself."

Powell was to the region to follow up on previous breakthroughs that could eventually lead to change Arab public opinion. The secretary of state met with Sharon three times and Arafat twice. While Sharon said he would agree to participate in a regional peace summit with Arafat, no Arab leaders, at least publicly, said they were willing to sit down with the Israeli leader. Israeli tanks, meanwhile, continued to surround a number of West Bank towns and refugee camps. Acting on a tip, Israeli agents also arrested Marwan Barghouti, a top Palestinian official who they say is the master-



mind behind a number of suicide bombings. And despite a ultimatum issued from Powell, Israel refused to release Arafat from his shattered compound, where he had been held for more than eight weeks.

Even as Arab states oppose an attack on Iraq, there is little support for such an offensive in other parts of the world. On his return to London, Blair faced a stormy meeting with his own Labour Party, as many MPs openly criticized his stance on Iraq. Almost 150 MPs, including 125 from Blair's own party, signed a House of Commons motion expressing "deep concern" about possible action against Saddam. "For the rest of Europe?" All European nations, and German Foreign Minister Joschka Fischer, "would view the broadening of the war on terrorism to include Iraq highly skeptically." In Canada, Jean Chretien has been asked repeatedly if the country would support an invasion.

The Middle East and the NDP

THE Israeli-Palestinian conflict casts a long shadow—one that took over Canada's weekend federal New Democratic. In an angry resolution, former Ontario NDP premier Bob Rae lashed out at the party, lambasting it for its callous "Third Way" policies and its failure to come to terms with a market economy. But Rae received special endorsement from David Robinson, the NDP's foreign affairs critic, and his recent and heated comments and denunciation of budget support for Yasser Arafat and the Palestinians. "Mr. Robinson's views are apparently the official stand of the federal New Democratic Party," Rae said. "They are not mine."

NDP leader Alexa McDonough, whose party holds 13 seats in Parliament, initially tried to skirt the issue, saying both sides in the Middle East conflict were guilty of atrocities and affirming neither party remains "committed to the right of Israels to exist within secure borders and the right of Palestinians to their homeland." By week's end, though, facing a rising chorus of criticism from Robinson, she dropped the out-of-step B.C. NDP of his taboos on imperialism, taking over the fire herself. "I take full responsibility for this resolution at this time because of a regrettable public perception that the NDP has abandoned its long-standing balanced position," she said. Robinson remained resolute, though. "I am taking the side of the oppressed over the oppressor," he declared.

With *BNN* *Lawyer* in *Washington* and *Tessa Anderson* in *Gros*

but he has dismissed the question as hypothetical, saying Bush has not raised the issue in discussions.

Washington is hoping that a more concrete proposal for a pro-Saddam government may help change minds. The State Department plans to host a meeting in June, probably in Germany, of all major Iraqi opposition groups. It may produce a plan for a new government—and a new leader. Among those being considered: Brig.-Gen. Naji al-Suhi and Gen. Fawzi al-Sharaf, both defectors from Saddam's army who lead opposition groups based in Virginia and Ahmed Chalabi, leader of the Iraq National Congress, a London-based opposition group. "We would like to seize the moment and move forward," Suhi, 49, told *Newsweek*. "We are waiting for the U.S. to take some practical steps to prove to the Iraqi people it is determined to help the country.

If Bush proceeds without Arab support, staging the invasion could prove difficult. Saudi Arabia has already made it clear that U.S. troops would not be allowed to operate from Saudi soil in any move on Iraq, but Pentagon planners say a new base in Qatar could be used as a launching point. The first trip would be a massive air assault on Iraq anti-aircraft defenses and anti-aircraft weapons of mass destruction. That would be followed by an invasion of as many as 200,000 U.S. troops. But with the current turmoil in the Middle East, it is clear the next step in Bush's war on terror will have to wait.



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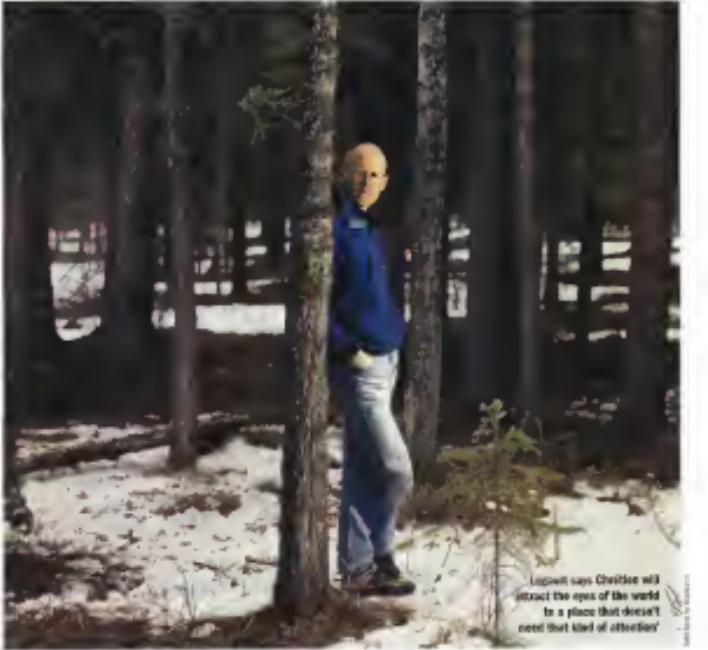
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Wilderness worries

Kananaskis Country's fans fear the G8 summit will wreak irreparable damage

BY BRIAN BERENIAN

Séraphin Legault is paid to lobby on behalf of the environment, but when it comes to Alberta's spectacular Kananaskis Country, one suspects he would gladly do it for free. Legault, the executive director and co-founder of Wild-

erness, which uses Internet technology to wage conservation campaigns across Canada, lives in Canmore, the nearest sizable community to Kananaskis, one of this June's G8 summit of leaders from eight major industrialized nations. When Legault talks about the sprawling 4,500-square-kilometre area of Rocky Mountain wilderness that it

considers, he uses frontier terminology with the passion of one who knows he has a slice of paradise at his doorstep. "I've got taste of Alberta landscapes rolled into one," he enthuses. "You can stand in the foothills and look to the prairie stretching to the horizon. Then, you turn 180 degrees and see towering peaks, snow-capped and glacier-clad

Down below is a rushing river where you can fly-fish or paddle. It's the sort of place that makes an indelible impression and you return to again and again."

Kananaskis Country is a bit of an enigma. Striding the much better known Banff National Park in ice and glass, Kananaskis is an amalgam of provincial parks, forest reserves and recreational areas just west of Calgary. Former premier Peter Lougheed's Conservative government stitched it all together in the mid-1970s, using more than \$250 million in peso-backs from the Alberta Heritage Savings Trust Fund. Yet unlike Banff, which many believe has been ruined by excessive resort and real estate development, Kananaskis remains very much a wilderness area. Conservationists like Legault have fought hard to overturn various proposals to commercialize Kananaskis, and with considerable success. But they now worry this could all be jeopardized by Jean Chretien's decision to hold the G8 summit there on June 26-27. "He's going to attract the eyes of the world to a place that doesn't need that kind of attention," says Legault. "We're afraid that on two days the Prime Minister could very well undo all the hard work by Albertans over the last 15 years to protect this area."

Legault's concern is that the extraordinary beauty of Kananaskis, which until now has been the sort of Alberta back-tight scenario, will soon have developers knocking the gates—and that Ralph Klein's business-friendly Alberta government will be only too willing to oblige them. Although Kananaskis currently attracts about one million visitors a year, over 85 per cent are from Calgary. Most plane themselves down in one of the area's 75 modern campgrounds, or simply go there for the day to bike, canoe or mountain bike—and then head home. The so-called Kananaskis Village, where the G8 leaders and their entourages will assemble, consists of two hotels, with about 400 rooms, and a small general store. The handful of permanent residents in Kananaskis Country, mostly government and tourism employees, are easily outnumbered by summer guests, cougars, bighorn sheep and other wildlife.

It was precisely that isolation and tranquility that attracted Chretien in the first place. The Prime Minister announced the choice of the site at the conclusion of last

year's G8 summit in Genoa, Italy. That event was marred by street riots which left one anti-globalization activist dead and hundreds of protesters and police injured. Chretien, who espoused disdain for the way media coverage of the violence overshadowed summit deliberations, was looking for a site that seemed easy to secure (there's only one main road going into Kananaskis Village) and would provide visiting heads of state with an opportunity for a little reflection.

But some of the groundwork planning is show up at this year's G8 summit before they may have the last laugh. Thousands of RCMP and city police officers will be deployed in June to secure potentially hundreds of square kilometers of rugged Kananaskis wilderness as well as patrolling the streets of downtown Calgary, where many of the visiting G8 functionaries and media are to be housed. By some esti-

Police will receive eco-sensitivity training so they will minimize damage to local flora and fauna

mates, Ottawa will spend more than \$300 million to haul the summit, much of it going toward security. Even in that, organizers were recently left red-faced after it was revealed that building plans showing exactly where world leaders will meet had been available on the Internet for weeks. If they'd held it in an urban centre like Ottawa they could have contained it," says Ken Keane, an organizer with Ga-Moon Collective, which helps train Canadian protesters. "Instead, they'll have to secure several sites, spending millions of dollars of taxpayer money." Kananaskis stands at all diminished at the prospect.

Staging a wilderness summit presents many unique challenges. For the first time at such an event, Ottawa has appointed a full-time environmental coordinator who is eyeballing all manner of operations—including security—to minimize damage to local flora and fauna. Among other things, police personnel will receive eco-sensitivity training on how to avoid trampling fragile plants or disturbing nests of endagered species such as the baleen duck.

They will also be taught to deal with possible attacks from elk, moose and other wildlife, which may be running the young at summit time. Officers pulling extended backcountry duty are even being

issued prop bags and gear boxes to carry their own bodily wastes out of the woods. As RCMP Cpl. James Johnston, a spokesman for the summit security team, delicately puts it: "The police is not to leave any lasting human scent out there."

For all the good intentions, police say their overriding concern has to be security and public safety. And while most environmental groups are urging protesters to stay out of Kananaskis Country during the summit, activists like Keane are indignant. "You have to look at the big picture," says Keane, who lives near Nelson, B.C. "The policies of the G8 countries are disastrous on a global scale. The minor damage a few hundred people might do to Kananaskis is negligible, but I think it's worth it."

While introduce risks to the environment are an obvious concern, far more worrisome for groups like the Alberta

Wilderness Association and Wild-Canada is the spectre of overdevelopment in the longer term. Two years ago, the environmental lobby helped scuttle a Calgary developer's bid to build a luxury inn and spa hotel operation at Spray Lakes, near the western edge of Kananaskis Country. Under pressure, the Alberta government agreed to zone the area into a provincial park. With the G8 summit looming, Legault and others are calling on the province to extend provincial status to all of Kananaskis Country (about 60 per cent of it is now covered). In an interview last week, the province's Community Development Minister Gae Zavadauskis, who is responsible for Kananaskis, declined to make such an undertaking. He did say however, that the government "wants to keep the area in pristine as we possibly can."

Legault doesn't find that very reassuring. "Economic development is what this government is all about," he says. "What's really big player comes in after the G8 and says he wants to promote tourism and add to Alberta's coffers, we'll have no choice. The province won't back off." If Legault is right, the human scent left by Chretien's wilderness summit may be permanent.



Open the gates wide

How immigrants strengthen the Canadian identity

BY RICHARD GRIGLICH

Immigration is, in effect, one of the most compelling and often contentious issues facing Canada today. But so much of our thinking about the subject is framed by debate about its impact on the economy. As someone who spends his writing life being with Canadian hamfests—but who likes to look at the frame as well—I'd like to make another point about the subject of new people coming to our shores: from diluting Canada's identity, as some critics like to suggest, immigrants offer our best hope for future strengthening it.

The problem, before we even get to my thesis, is the degree to which all discussion about immigration seems to revolve around economic considerations. Consider the preliminary findings of the 2001 census, which showed that new immigrants were mainly responsible for the four-per-cent growth in the population of Canada since 1996. From Jean Charest on down, government officials stated the mantra that increased immigration is key to future economic development. That argument encourages us to see immigration primarily as an economic good. But when you start to talk about cultural consequences of immigration, political invective

to ensure the preservation of a common set of Canadian values and way of life.

In five years of exhaustive polling by my organization—the Dominion Institute, a history advocacy organization—the data has consistently shown that immigrants know more about Canada and Canadian history than natural-born citizens. That applies not only to knowledge of Canada's civic institutions and the way government functions, but also to such issues as Confederation and the formation of the constitution. Some argue that this is mere trivia—the product of immigrants having to write a basic citizenship exam. But this kind of knowledge represents cultural capital that makes our society work; it allows us as citizens to talk intelligently together about the public good.

Immigrants bring unique experience of what it means to be Canadian. For most immigrants, coming to Canada is the result of a明智 choice. It may sometimes be an ambiguous one, where memories of a lost homeland mix with the problems of integrating into a new society, but it's still a conscious decision. Because they're the emotional product of both their homeland and adopted country, they constantly question what it means to be Canadian.

By contrast, those of us born here often take Canada for granted. We assume that the country as we have known it in our lifetimes will continue, our contribution to that process is to vote and, perhaps, renew our passport every five years.

A healthy dose of self-examination is good for everyone. In the next decade, many of the traditional hallmarks of the Canadian identity—things like universal health care, an independent military, and border controls between our country and the United States—could be either abolished or radically reworked by the forces of continental integration. As these institutions diminish or disappear, we'll have to rebuild our collective identity around a set of commonly held values that define what it means to be Canadian. While it's hard to predict the composition of these new values, the self-examination that immigrants bring will be essential to figuring out who we are as a nation—and what we hope to accomplish together.

These figures imply that anti-immigrant sentiment still runs high. One way to change that is to make the point that the closer you look, the more you realize that immigrants, despite their disparate cultural interests, strengthen our common values in very deliberate and specific ways. In fact, we should dismiss immigration rates not for economic reasons, but

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CEO Robinson surveys the urban landscape on a visit to the rooftop garden at the Toronto store.

BY KEN MACQUEEN

In the Flower Power era of 1971, a bunch of University of British Columbia students, who'd either been playing outside, decided to start a business. They'd sell the kind of sporting equipment that no other retailer in Canada thought was worth stocking: warlike bicycles, ice climbers, climbing axes. They would've advertised, because they couldn't afford it. They'd charge a one-time "membership" fee of \$5 for those who did insist on making a purchase. And they'd, somehow, turn a profit. In fact, the founders declared it must never turn a profit.

Hold on! It's annual general meeting at the Vancouver Public Library. It will be an earnest affair, as members try to reconcile its robust growth with a confounding imperative to walk lightly upon the earth. Expect rained-out bicycle racks and the full Vancouver's venerable MEC catalogue of fleece, Goretex and organically grown cotton, anchored by lifelong books of every description.

The news is good. Canada's largest retail co-operative by membership is growing—the kind of numbers that could make its ultimate founders chortle in their graves. Sales last year, a dismal time for most, were a record \$154 million, up \$7 million from

the year before. A new store, MEC's sixth, opened in Halifax last year, joining existing outlets in Vancouver, Calgary, Edmonton, Toronto and Ottawa. Winnipeg opens in May and an outlet is planned for Montreal next year.

"We never anticipated that MEC would grow so large," says co-op board member Sara Golling, a retired lawyer from Rossland, B.C., who is still given to kayaking, dry holes and the spontaneous climbing of trees. Back in 1971, she was an impressionable UBC student and part of the Varsity Outdoor Club, a group used of shoveling snow to Seattle for distant climbing and wilderness gear. Four club members had hatched the idea of a co-op the previous spring, when a snowshoeing expedition on Mount Baker in Washington State Other club members bought in the plan. Golling couldn't afford the \$5 membership in MEC, but a friend ponied up the cost of a share so she could be pressed into service on its first board.

The founders, most of whom are still active members, could have paid their share in a multi-million-dollar business into serious money, but there was never a doubt that MEC would stay a co-operative. As a result, Golling's share is still worth \$5. The cost of membership hasn't changed in 31 years. What prestige she

gets comes from being Member 21 out of 1.6 million. Around certain campfires, a low MEC membership number is a defining characteristic of wilderness chic.

The co-op's initial mandate is to sell good gear at fair prices for "self-propelled" recreational activities was simple enough, Golling recalls. But then, as now, other agendas were at play. "You've got to pay that," she says, "to become enough of a force in the marketplace in Canada to make other suppliers more competitive."

In this they have succeeded beyond their expectations. For all MEC's determination to leave a modest "environmental footprint," it's often accused of stamping on

THE ANTI-RETAILER

Vancouver's Mountain Equipment Co-op succeeds in spite of itself

It's a dedicated notion, subverting accepted standards of business practice and economic common sense. So, how has Mountain Equipment Co-op—Canada's "environmentally responsible" outdoor store—fostered a growth rate that's all peak and no valley?

In part, by creating a business plan that grows more improbable by the year. The co-op Web site, for instance, boasts an equipment swap, so prospective purchasers can trade gear among themselves rather than to the earth's resources by buying new from the co-op. A new Winnipeg store will open in a once-decrepit building that was rebuilt at considerable expense using salvaged material. The store's environmental standards are so exacting that even the tree of cinnamom, deposited in an composting basket, will be recycled as fertilizer for a rooftop garden. And the co-op still doesn't advertise—that might fuel frivolous consumers.

"It's almost the anti-store," says Gordon Hamm of Hamm Consulting Inc., a Vancouver-based retail expert. "They don't market. They don't tend to behave like retailers, and as a consequence, they end up being a pretty darn good example of what you can do with retail."

This week, MEC, in its 31st year, will

the competition. As a co-operative, it pays no corporate income tax on profits, since royalties are retained by members through lower prices, expanded services and occasional rebates. In product swapfests it below the recommended retail price, underselling competitors and casting some suppliers to refuse to sell to it.

Co-op CEO Brian Robinson, Member 28013, dismisses competitive concerns. Any company could coop a tax benefit by surreptitiously ownership, becoming a co-op, and dispensing with profits, he notes. Besides, MEC creates something of a symbiotic relationship. In outdoor areas a cluster of camping sites, he says, fosters by the co-op's ability to draw a crowd.

Robinson, 49, a one-time B.C. park ranger and senior provincial housing official, was recruited by the MEC board two years ago for the top job. He was attracted by, he says, the board's direct commitment to environmental protection, social responsibility, and sound business. "We want to be a viable, robust, financially secure and healthy organization because otherwise we can't do the sort of things we want to do."

Backed with the supplier's blessing, for instance, MEC expanded its own product line. About 60 per cent of the co-op's sales come from items designed in-house.

everything from sleeping bags to tents to backpacks to clothing. One of the perks for the co-op's almost 1,000 employees is the chance to trial-test new equipment.

MEC's current head office, opened two years ago in a recycled former car dealership in Vancouver, now houses a product development team, a test laboratory and a product research department. For industrial designer Gordon Ross, an avid outdoorsman, the linear challenges have included creating two-level Sierra mountain-sleeping pads, and a redesign of MEC's sleeping bags. He and his girlfriend just revisited a relationship issue, after testing a new model bag over several nights of -30°C temperatures. He expects some ideas will be poached by competitors—MEC prefers to spend on innovation rather than on patenting and protecting existing



designs. By then, he says, he'll be on to the next generation design. "If poorer companies borrow some good ideas, at least the gear they make will be better."

The co-op farms out production to factories in Canada and around the world, but not before the facilities, both domestically and in such countries as China and Vietnam, win the approval of Naomi Ondek, production director. Her team checks the usual things—gross, quality, reliability—and then it monitors pay, employment standards, safety and environmental practices. Pay rates are marked, labour regulations posted and an employee policy manual written before MEC does business. The co-op pays a premium, Ondek says, to contract with "the kind of factories we believe carry forward our principles and our values, both in building the products and in the way they run their business."

Even so, the dialogue of last year's annual meeting was a debate on the propri-
ety of doing business in China, where the co-op utilizes several factories. Co-op members—at least the ones drawn to annual meetings—slept when not just by dawn and dusk, but by the knowledge that, in some small way, they purchased pristine MECs' "core values" of ethical conduct, respect for others and respect for the environment. "Moral," notes analyst Hanna, "turns out to be a fairly important factor." So does the belonging that comes from paying \$5 to be called a member rather than a customer, from getting, once yearly, a fat catalogue (of recycled paper, naturally), and from a shared struggle. Apparently even fire-dried beans—"just add boiling water"—goes down better knowing that 0.4 per cent of gross sales are donated to environmental causes.

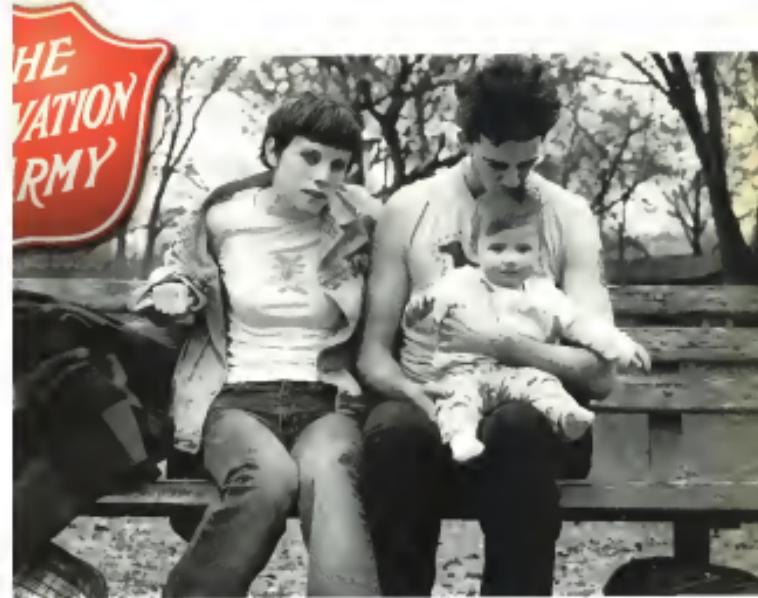
The result is that the MEC logo—two mountain peaks and the name of the

company—has become both a visible brand and a declaration of social responsibility. "Sounding of an alternative to the Canadian flag exercise," says Ian MacPherson, director of the B.C. Institute for Co-operative Studies at the University of Victoria. "It's a less assertive and more optimistically Canadian way of making a statement."

A case can also be made, after three decades in B.C., that the co-op has responded, for better or worse, the province's sense of style. MacPherson and his wife sometimes hide out at an outdoor cafe by sipping The West Coast Uniform of passivity. "It's pretty hard to score a perfect 10 if you don't have an MEC Gear-Tec jacket with an MEC knapsack," he says. "And a coffee."

Fuzzy feelings don't preclude efficiency. The co-op may not make a profit, but it grows by watching costs and using operating surpluses to finance growth. In cautious expansion is a sure-fire way to get

the goal—in "week more mindfully towards making positive changes in the world"—as already listed on page 70 of the catalogue, part of the new product line for Spring and Summer. ■



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Donald Cox

Rain and the markets

Arriving in Vancouver in a Tuesday rain, I asked the cab driver how long it would last. He groaned. "They say it could last to the weekend, but who knows? Hey, you should have been here last week."

Between appointments on the road, I try to go for walks, so local weather is a matter of significance. In the ensuing days, I learned there would always be rain, but not everywhere. Because of the mountains, rainfall differs widely, even when the papers call for non-continuous precipitation. Unlike primate-ruled Chicago, Vancouver has microclimates. With expert local help, and some judicious rearranging, I got some sympathy walking in some beautiful areas south of city centre.

That made me think about the way the stock market resembles Lower Mainland weather. Stock market indices have been in foul-weather form recently, yet many actions have been almost as well-behaved in the economy, which has been mostly of the Blue Skies variety. The Standard & Poor's 500 is down two per cent year-to-date. Nasdaq fell five straight weeks, and is down seven per cent. But small and mid-cap indices are up modestly, and financial and resource stocks have performed well.

For most of the 1990s, investors who chose "passive" index funds chortled at their "cynical" friends who invested with "active" managers who took looking for stocks that would outperform those slogging indices. The weather forecast continued to be so fair, and the sun shone so widely on an equity universe as evenly dispersed as the praise, that one didn't need to search for sunshine in equity investments.

The long period of great returns from past investing in "the market" naturally drew investors. "I told you so" speeches from academics and economists who said history proved the folly of paying fees to active managers. You lost now, says you paid higher fees, and you got weaker returns. The stock market was a "random walk." It was efficient, in that all that could be known about it was already priced in. Nobody could beat the market for long, so why pay for the impossible?

Yes, I was—and was—biased, because I make my living by managing equity portfolios and advising institutions that have to deploy their funds to beat the market. Writing a no-practices book can be fun from telling retail investors that my competitor and I were plowing the sea was, naturally, galling.

The past two years have seen different global weather patterns for the capital markets—many big storms, and prolonged periods of precipitation, interrupted by brief respite

of sunny weather. Index fund investors have been hurt badly. The S&P 500 had a 35 per cent weighting in technology stocks at its peak, so it suffered prolonged gains less when tech got deservedly. It had a tiny percentage in oil and resource stocks, so it has not shared in those group's returns in the same sense. What many of us kept insisting—that the information about the earnings and outlook for tech stocks and other marginal firms in the market to absorb the fraudulence—was naturally indicated by the academics. They and the market was behaving entirely in response to unverified disseminated information.

Rainbow-collapse came long after we had learned that no tech component earnings forecasts were anywhere near reality, and that most were using "aggressive" accounting techniques to mask their underlying profit performance. Now we know that the disease had spread with the speed of biblical plague, infecting even the market's sightings, such as IBM and maybe General Electric. We have watched as leaders in companies such as JDS Uniphase, Nortel Networks, Global Crossing and Xerox cashed huge stock option gains when the market had up its share in response to those disastrous earnings estimates (and the numerous earnings from Wall Street's skills, moneymaking, arithmetic and economics).

Canadian index fund investors who thought they were reducing portfolio risk and saving fees found they had as much as 35 per cent of their money in Nortel when it collapsed. The Canadian Pension Plan investment fund, which had been using index techniques, drew criticism from some shifts when it allegedly moved to cut its exposure to Nortel before the worst damage occurred.

We were destined to live in a microclimate market for some time. The War on Terror that had been going as well as a foundering because of the suicide bombings in Israel, the Israeli response, and the fear of a wider war. Not even Alan Greenspan can make investors feel as confident as they did when the U.S. seemed to be able to rule the world side with-out breaking a sweat.

With diminishing trust in such companies at home and diminishing trust in the price process abroad, success and downpayments may continue to elude the index. Good managers, using good weather data, should still be able to find an industry shelter for savings.

Donald Cox is chairman of Morris Business Management in Chicago and of Toronto-based Jevon Heasted Business

People Edited by Shanda Dene



Last Waltz shall be released—again

Twenty-five years ago, a pink scarf nibbled deeply from her neck, The Band's Robbie Robertson hosted one of pop music's most memorable concerts. It was The Band's own song, and as its lead guitarist, Robertson joined in a cascade of faveous performances from such legends Bob Dylan, Neil Young, Joni Mitchell, Van Morrison, Muddy Waters, Emmylou Harris and Eric Clapton. Now to mark the concert's 25th anniversary, Martin Scorsese's classic film of the event, *The Last Waltz*, is being re-released, along with a DVD and a four-CD box set—both including previously unre-

leased material. And the Canadian-born Robertson re-mixed the entire soundtrack from scratch. "Now you can hear so much more of what's going on," he says. "Things that got lost in the mix and the middle of that road."

Robertson remembers the night of the concert, feeling "the pressure of getting it right. Everything was take one." He learned that he wasn't the only one fearing failure: to mark the concert's 25th anniversary, Martin Scorsese's classic film of the event, *The Last Waltz*, is being re-released, along with a DVD and a four-CD box set—both including previously unre-

Triumph of love, not Oscar

Of all the best supporting actor nominees at this year's Academy Awards, Ben Kingsley (Say Anything!) marked the most non-Greco-Roman character—most violent and distorted. But largely, he's a performance impossible to forget from a few little stars who the Academy has long rewarded—he won for his 1983 portrayal of Mahatma Gandhi and was nominated for *Rugby* (1991), although

he didn't win the prize. Kingsley was snubbed when his competitor, fellow Brit, Jim Broadbent (Mrs. Brown), was one of the first to grab him, give him a hug and kiss him. He's learned to live with it.

That's because this is the 2003 Toronto International Film Festival a day after Sept. 11. "People showed themselves to laugh and enjoy it," says Kingsley. "It's a good shock when it's year-end."

Kingsley currently stars in *Triumph of Love*, a 19th-century romantic comedy set in Italy, directed by Glenn Peck. He plays

Strange and neurotic

In a perfect world, Frances Bayfield would never notice who she is now—a 53-year-old, London, England-based lawyer turned mystery writer. There would be just one difference, she says: she wouldn't actually write. "I'd be a slightly strange anachronism, who does nothing but research books with no intent to ever write them." Though her 15 years as a prosecutor in criminal cases gives Bayfield plenty of fodder for her novels, the research—researching names, exploring an old bell tower, chancing up her dentist, observing an art museum—allows the author to delve into different worlds. "What people sell you," she says, "informs the plot and drives it in a different direction." For her lone novel, *The Noise of the Stars*, Bayfield developed one of her characters using the hobby of a close friend—building miniature brochures, genderless dolls and other unusual random

Bayfield's novels are learning. Once accused of writing only about "damaged people," she says that what makes her work more powerful. The characters are not normal heroes with happy lives and strong men but, trust me above a headache, become heroes. "Dark sun me," Bayfield explains. "It follows the rule of telling a good strong story—none of this emotional angst." It's a good thing Bayfield doesn't live in a perfect world.



philosopher Heraclitus, a中国传统学者 who announced love for himself, his sister and their wife. Their passion is drug-dealt by Miss Universe—endures them all. The film was initially screened at the 2003 Toronto International Film Festival a day after Sept. 11. "People showed themselves to laugh and enjoy it," says Kingsley. "It's a good shock when it's year-end." Kingsley currently stars in *Triumph of Love*, a 19th-century romantic comedy set in Italy, directed by Glenn Peck. He plays



MICHAEL THEN AND NOW

BY BRIAN D. JOHNSON

He was a star. That's how I remember Michael. Fox the first time we talked. It was 1987. I'd come to Los Angeles to interview him for a *MacLean's* cover story, and we met at a *Family Ties* rehearsal at Paramount. He bounced around the set like a hyperactive kid, cracking Diet Pepsi, and kept ducking out to smoke Exponent 76, lighting one off the other. During a break, he hopped into his black Ferrari for a quick trip to his house halfway across town, and he tore down the Hollywood Freeway in twice the speed

limit, his seat belt unbuckled, the dashboard dotty with cigarette ash, the floor of the car littered with beer cans.

Yet somehow he didn't come across as a jerk. For such a first-timer, he'd even interviewed, and more likable than dozens who followed. He was the ultimate nice guy, Canadian to a fault. The next day he staggered lunch at Mastro's & Franks, a vintage Hollywood diner with ancient waiters who treated everyone with graft indifference. Which is why Fox loved the place. For a star, nothing is more iconic than anarchy in the heart of Hollywood. I still have an image of him sitting at a banquette, talking a mile a minute, his eyes darting about the room, his body constantly mobile, a moving target in the crosshairs of the media. He couldn't sit still.

Last week I saw him again, 15 years later, in his home in New York City. And now, more than ever, Michael J. Fox can't keep still. But while he was once just jazzy, those days his movements are beyond his control. As the world now knows, the actor suffers from early-onset Parkinson's disease. He was first diagnosed in 1991, but kept his condition in the closet for seven years. Now, at the relatively tender age of 40, he's the public face of Parkinson's, devoting himself to raising awareness, and money, to find a cure.

In the process, he's reduced the spotlight to the author of *Leslie Merv*, an anti-celebrity memoir that reveals as much about the corrective nature of fame, and slacker, as it does about the horrifying effects of Parkinson's. It's an intimate, un-

sentimental journey through one man's personal midway. And while the book evocates celebrity culture from the inside with a stark wit, Fox's story has all the classic elements of that culture: runaway success, celebrity, addiction, success—and redemption.

As a star living in a bubble of unlimited indulgence, Fox had begun to feel a growing irrepressible Canadian passion that his success was undeserved, and unnatural. He kept working for the other shoe to drop, for someone, at something, so my *me*. "Then," he told me, "there was that implausible no of *Fame* and *Me*, and you

were looking for a money sack, frazzled them to us." Fox had no part in his own success, who work at desks under an antique sign for Vermont maple syrup. Through a door to his private sanctuary, where there's a desk, a sitting area and a home-entertainment unit with a TV the size of a fridge. "My wife hacked it out of the house," he says. "She entered it."

He takes a seat on the couch. He takes some garting need to. Although he's on medication that reduces his symptoms, his legs flip around constantly, occasionally banging into the glass coffee table. But the movement is slow and low, and even sub-

The former boy wonder from B.C. finds peace in his fight against Parkinson's



Fox on the set of the '70s CBC sitcom *Go and Get It*

realize there are nooks that are non-negotiable, that you can't charm your way out of —you can do a good job on Johnny, and it will all go away tomorrow."

But the star who played those travelling. Many

McFly in *Back to the Future* notes that he could go back in time and change his future, he wouldn't want to. Confronting Parkinson's has turned his life around. And although he's lost a measure of movie control, and a career in front of the camera, he says he's found unexpected inner calm. "I'm moving a lot less now than I was. One of the great reasons is that I couldn't sit still and it became virtually impossible to keep my body from moving."

It's a summer-hot spring day on Manhattan's Upper East Side. In Central Park a tiny peacock wanders outside the fence, and the playground bubbles with well-fed children minded by the ocean of Asian and Hispanic mothers. Fox's Fifth Avenue apartment building, overlooking the park, is what you might call a good address. It's home to Paul Newman, Kevin Kline and Bette Midler, and like Fox they all have offices downstairs from their residences. "It's funny," he says. "They used to belong to a plastic rugger, and people still wander

sideways for a moment, frazzled them to us." Fox had no part in his own success, who work at desks under an antique sign for Vermont maple syrup. Through a door to his private sanctuary, where there's a desk, a sitting area and a home-entertainment unit with a TV the size of a fridge. "My wife hacked it out of the house," he says. "She entered it."

Born an Edmtoner, Fox grew up in a tiny town, on horse racing track Cliffside, B.C., to North Bay, Ont., before his family settled in the Vancouver suburb of

Burnaby in 1971. At 16, he got his first break playing a 10-year-old boy opposite Bruce Caven in the short-lived CBC sitcom *Lee & Me*. Recently it's come to light that those employees he worked with at the CBC are also afflicted by Parkinson's, a cluster which raises the possibility that all were exposed to a common toxin or virus that might have triggered the disease (page 42). "I'm sad for those people I worked with," says Fox, who criticised them during the shooting of a recent CTV documentary on Parkinson's. "It causes about the same reaction. And it is true that the beginning of my career could possibly be the beginning of my illness."

After *Lee and Me*, Fox plunged headlong into acting. By 18, he had dropped out of school and, with the skeptical support of his parents, moved to Los Angeles. Ten years later, he was in debt, demoralised and ready to come back to Canada when he landed the role of Alex P. Keaton on

hangover, he quit for good. "Helping me to make that choice," he writes, "was the first thing I'd actually be grateful to Parkinson's for. For the disease's 'gift' is a certain stickiness about the rest of your life."

Fox admits that at first he was inclined to view his disease as the "costive price" of success. "It was payback," he writes. "It was the bill being brought to a slippery little officer an ill-devised and under-appreciated banquette." And he imagines that his solitary father, Bill Fox (who died in 1990), would have seen it the same way. Asked if there's not something deeply Canadian about that suspicion of success, Michael replies, "Absolutely. It's what sets me apart [from Canada], but at the same time it's why my heart will always be there. What it all comes down to—much more than the fact that we live in these wide open spaces and have the British sense of class—is that Canadians are hyper-aware of their impact on the people around

us possible." Fox watched them both one after the other. *For Love or Money, Life With Moby and Garry*. But in 1996, he found refuge in the medium that launched him—at a sharp politician on *Soap City*, which he would also executive-produce.

But keeping his condition a secret became increasingly difficult. "Can you imagine?" he says. "You're running this company basically, and people don't know the biggest single truth in your life. You have to work everything around it." Just like President Bartlet having to hide his multiple sclerosis in *The West Wing*, I suggest. Fox was aware of the parallels, but he doesn't much like them, and tries to avoid the prime-time meanness that was once his stock-in-trade—ESPN, CNN and CBC Newsworld—that's what I watch."

After finally going public about his condition in 1996, he completed one more season of *Soap City* then retired with an Emmy in 2000. Fox soon found a new



Fox—shown with his father—grew up an army brat, and now has four kids of his own, including six-month-old Isobel, named after a character in a J.D. Salinger story

His book reveals as much about the corrosive nature of fame as it does about his illness

Foolish Tie. After it became a hit, he dove headlong into certified stardom with *Back to the Future*, 1985's top-grossing movie.

Fox doesn't try to play down how much fun it was being young, rich, famous and single. "There was a period of time when I would literally go out with everybody." In his memoir he writes that girls who "never used to give me the time of day" were now crowding the house to send in off of their bedside alarm clocks. As for the question, "Does it bother you that maybe she just wants to sleep with you because you're a celebrity?" My answer to that one was, "Ah ... nope." But Michael met his match in Tracy, and in 1988 they were married, three years after she was cast as his girlfriend on *Foolish Tie*. "I was so happy to get off that roller coaster," he says, adding that Tracy was the first woman who dared stand up to him: "It's a test of boundaries."

In 1990, Fox woke up one morning with a strange, uncontrollable tremor in his baby finger, the first in a series of early-warning symptoms that led to his Parkinson's diagnosis about a year later. He had just turned 36, and plunged into a spiral of depression and denial. His drinking, meanwhile, spun out of control (one day in 1993, waking up with an especially brutal

hangover, he quit for good. "You don't want to be a tall poppy."

Eventually, through years of therapy with a Jungian psychotherapist, Fox says "I dismantled myself of that supercilious notion" of Parkinson's being some form of punishment. But he remains fixated by the symmetry of his success and suffering, a distinct that becomes the creative icon for the book. Becoming tragically successful, he explains, is "unbalanced. It's an action to you, not an action by you. So in the same way, Parkinson's was unbalanced. One brings you all this stuff and the other seems to take away stuff. But by virtue of the fact that one is based on fact and one on fantasy, the one based on fact has far more value."

In *Foolish Tie*, Fox candidly quotes a ruthless strategy of his movie career. He'd often make life threats of quitting show business, but when a doctor told him he had 10 years left to work as an actor, he paled. "I won't just lose my brain," he writes. "I was losing my franchise." Fingers abilitated, that was a woe, and in my panic I decided to break out the pil-lowcases, beat the police, and escape with whatever I could carry. "Attempting to do so many lucrative, broad-appeal comedies

outlet for his creative energies. "I've always loved words and I've always loved books," he says. "I love to play with words. And the fact that I've lost a certain amount of physical agility is compensated by the fact that I sit down for 16 months and write a book—or paint and write a book."

Fox didn't use a ghostwriter. He would outline episodes on paper, dictate them to a typist, Heidi Nollock, then rewrite his way through successive versions. When his family vacationed on Martha's Vineyard, Heidi joined them. "We rented her a little house," he says. "She'd ride over on her bike and we'd work in the garage. I'd watch everybody go to the beach every morning, then write all day."

As he developed a passion for writing, Fox says he found it similar in a way to acting: "It was amazing to find out that timing is as important on a page as it is on a stage, in the sense of when to get in and when to get out, and does it move the story forward." The actor's brother-in-law, Michael Pollan—author of *The Botany of Desire* and a contributing editor at the *New York Times Magazine*—served as a mentor. As one page Fox told him, "One thing I worry about is I've got a weakness for metaphor." And Pollan replied, "You don't



in metaphors. That's why you're an actor." In fact, *Foolish Tie* is clearly written, with a verbal agility that seems like an incarnation of the stock nimble screen persona. He does have a laugh for metaphors. He describes his fine Parkinson's symptoms as his brain "serving notice that it had 'initiated a divorce from my mind.' " He writes of his "tendons white from hanging onto that godforsaken bass ring" and he demonstrates the "Being Fairness-in-America Run House" as a "theatre of celebrity" fed by a media construct of "magical thinking." These seem to be no beginning or end to the performance, no backstage or cottage, no proscenium. Everything is now part of the show—the performer's private life included.

Of course, as he does the rounds of David Letterman and Larry King, Fox is once again trafficking in celebrity. But he writes that he found a wonderful way to spend "this most rare and useful currency." All the proceeds from the book, and the serial rights, go to the Michael J. Fox Foundation for Parkinson's Research. Since, as Fox is clear on finding a cause for Parkinson's that can attract much heavier funding. And with his foundation, a scattering of paternal advocacy groups now have a common voice.

Aside from raising money and generating the cause, Fox has entered the *Soap City* of political constituency sound sterilisation research. Last week he visited Washington to meet with U.S. Secretary of Health and Human Services at rival stem-cell push bills for and against using stem cells from discarded embryos. President Bush's decision to allow limited use of stem cells, he says, "just seems so carefully calculated. It was a heart when he really could have his it out of the park. He could have set a course to get this done with a two-term presidency. Not just for Parkinson's but a lot of things [given multiple sclerosis to diabetes]. This is a Pandemic box of possible breakthroughs."

The so-called pro-life argument against using embryo stem cells is inflammatory rhetoric. Fox argues: "Embryonic stem cells have the potential to be anything—except a person, because they've been drawn away. You could put them in a brain and the cell says, 'I'm a dopamine-producing cell, that's what I do.' "

Dopamine is the neurochemical that the damaged brain cells of Parkinson's patients

can no longer produce. Fox submits to a regimen of L-dopa medication to compensate for the missing chemical. Because the disease has him at a young age, his degeneration has been more gradual than in the vast majority of patients, who contract it in their later years. And he needs relatively small doses of the medication. If anything, he says, he responds too well to the drug, which can cause dyskinesia—an locking the rigidity and spasmodic tics of Parkinson's to the point that the body starts to writhe with excess fluidity. "Sometimes," says Fox, "people with Parkinson's will come up to me and say, 'You're taking too much medication.' And I say, 'Listen, if I've got to keep up with Lucy King, I've got to take too much.' I don't have the luxury of having any kind of halting thing. I need to do it, my family's used to it, but in a high-stress situation I can't afford it."

Fox writes about the "drill ride" of going on and off the medication in moving detail. When he's off, he experiences the classic Parkinson's symptoms of rigidity, shuffling, tremors and imbalance. "You wouldn't recognize me when I'm off," he says. And here he describes as the book: "I feel like I'm dangling from a coat hanger that has been surgically implanted under my skin in the muscles of my back,



He remains remarkably active, skiing, playing hockey—and planning to make more

wedged between my shoulder blades. The spasms are not quite one of being suspended in the air, it's more like being picked up, with my arms flailing and legs flailing at the ground, straining for purchase."

Diminished small-motor control can make any kind of verbal expression, written or oral, almost impossible. But when he's on the drug, Michael is keenly articu-

late—in transcribing the tape of our interview, I could detect no evidence of his condition. Over time, however, his medication will become less effective, and the symptoms will escalate. Like Mary McFly racing against the clock in *Back to the Future*, he's fighting to reverse his decline. And he's optimistic: "A cure is quite conceivable over the next 10 years, or more

likely some kind of real breakthrough in therapy; so at 50 I could take up acting again in the prime of my life."

Meanwhile, Fox remains remarkably active. He will ski, jog and play hockey. He heads up a production company and does voice over acting. He's planning to write a novel about a hockey player and a TV pilot, also about a hockey player—"we've seen so many things played out in baseball, but hockey is me, because I'm Canadian, that's my metaphor."

Because he's rich, famous and relatively young, Fox is by no means a typical Parkinson's patient. And he realizes that some may resent his buoyant attitude. "For all those people who have Parkinson's," he says, "it's rough, and it's frightening just because I'm off, happy and chatty about it—that's fine, and a reflection of how blessed I've been. I'm not saying no one has a right to complain or be sad or stricken by it. But I have much more in my life now, whatever the limitations of Parkinson's, than the seemingly endless possibilities that were in front of me when I met you at *Mass and Fire*."

On my way out. I ask Michael if he can recommend a restaurant for lunch nearby. He suggests an Indian place around the corner: "Tell them I sent you, and they'll treat you

well." So I hand over change, and a few minutes later he shows up to join me. "I figured I'd have to eat lunch anyway," he says, almost by way of apology. We sit at his usual corner table at the back. The waiters here pay special attention, not just because he's a star, but a regular.

It was him, he says, that had lunch with Oliver Sacks, the eccentric author and neurologist portrayed by Robin Williams in *Awakenings*, who has done groundbreaking research into Parkinson's therapy. "I was scared," says Fox. "I remember he was talking to me about oblique-compulsive disorder, and at the same time he was mathematically showing the chemo into 16 little pieces all the same size. Later he gave me a ride home, and his car was full of toy sand and octopus."

At Michael's pick at a place of spaghetti pastas, we talk about our kids, and the tricky business of writing. Recently he went home to visit his family in B.C. He had only one copy of his book, but his mother, brother and one of his three sons quickly disseminated it, and to his relief they approved. After a late trip to Whistler with his children, they took a last-minute trip to Chilliwack for a family gathering and visited the now-defunct army base where his father was once stationed.

"We walked around and looked into the

windows of the old houses," he recalls. "I remember seeing my father perform these drag shows at those beer gardens they'd have. I'd pick up the bottles for two cents each. He'd dress up like a woman and lip-synch Alan Sherman records. He was a comedian, which was so antithetical to him being a military guy. That conflict was one of the reasons he ultimately let me sit. He'd enough of a dreamer within him."

Now Michael is the father of his own large family, watching 12-year-old Sam rock out on bass guitar—"We named him so all this '70s aesthetic rock." Then there are Agyness and Schuyler, his seven-year-old twin daughters, and 10-month-old Elliot, who was named after a J.D. Salinger story, *For Esme with Love and Squalor*. "She was born after 9/11," Michael explains, "and around here it seemed there was nothing but love and squalor. The morning she was born, there was still a pull over the city. But the next day was the marathon, and we were standing at the hospital window holding the baby, looking out at the marathon, and it was one of those great moments. Like, the city's going to be OK. We're going to be OK. Life goes on."

Read or excerpt from the interview with Michael J. Fox

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to raise consciousness and funds for the fight against the disease. A few nights ago, chemo-waiting, I stumbled across *Back to the Future*, with Fox as the perpetually young boy he played for so many years. Thank my mad-in-eye picture of him. It took the same with my father. Thinking of him I inevitably remember a photo I have somewhere; one I know so well I don't even have to pull it out. The face of me—me as a future 10-year-old sitting on his shoulders, pretending to pull his hair as we both sing for the camera. He is healthy, a young man with a young family, glowing with vitality on a summer day when the sunshine seems eternal and there is never any thought that your body might betray you.

I think of all that since those days, seeing Michael J. Fox on my TV screen. I wish him well, both personally and in his efforts

'THAT DISEASE IS AN INDIGNITY' A son recalls how Parkinson's took away his father by degrees, a little more of him lost every day

BY PETER KOPFELIN

My father died five years ago in July of complications arising from his Parkinson's disease. One complication was that he could no longer move. Another was that, in part because of his immobility, a chest infection set in while he lay hospitalized. Muscles that no longer functioned couldn't clear his lungs. That's what killed him.

It was not an easy death. I remember the reaction of my late wife, whenever I mentioned that my father had Parkinson's. It was the first time I had ever seen a doctor angry. "That disease is an indignity," he hissed. How much of an indignity? My father was hospitalized after, one night, something managed to stand up and self-harm, then slipping and breaking his

no longer work. I took him to close his eyes and sleep, then watched him struggle with the command: "With an effort of your will he will finally ... his mouth."

For the last weeks of his life, he was in a coma, lying in his bed at Joseph Brant Memorial Hospital in Burlington, Ont. We would stand around his bed during that last July weighed down by inescapability, watching as this man who had been pianist, clarinetist, chemist and a member of the world's small fraternity of expert experts, slipped away. Black humor helped; his dementia (some 27 percent of Parkinson's patients suffer from it) provided grieve for the roll. My mother—she was the caregiver, and for her my father's hospitalization was almost a relief—realized how easy she had caught him with the front door pulled open as if to

the locked safety door would allow; whispering to the outside, "Help, I'm being held prisoner by a who?" On another day as my sister and I kept vigil, his leg suddenly twitched. "Chasing rabbits," I said. We both laughed, from the gut, for what seemed to be the first time in days. Instantaneous? No, just coping.

When he died, I didn't experience an explosion of grief. That may have been due in part to my being raised in a small ethnic community, more extended family than anything else, and having already buried men and women whom I cared for almost as deeply as my own parents. But another reason may have been the nature of Parkinson's itself. It takes your father, mother, husband, wife away from you in degrees, a little more of them lost to you every day. By the time the actual moment of death arrives,

to raise consciousness and funds for the fight against the disease. A few nights ago, chemo-waiting, I stumbled across *Back to the Future*, with Fox as the perpetually young boy he played for so many years. Thank my mad-in-eye picture of him. It took the same with my father. Thinking of him I inevitably remember a photo I have somewhere; one I know so well I don't even have to pull it out. The face of me—me as a future 10-year-old sitting on his shoulders, pretending to pull his hair as we both sing for the camera. He is healthy, a young man with a young family, glowing with vitality on a summer day when the sunshine seems eternal and there is never any thought that your body might betray you.

I think of all that since those days, seeing Michael J. Fox on my TV screen. I wish him well, both personally and in his efforts



THE MYSTERIOUS VANCOUVER CONNECTION

Why do three people who worked with Michael J. Fox also have Parkinson's?

BY DANYL NAWALESHKA

A doctor's diagnosis can send life a punch in the solar plexus: you have Parkinson's disease. Chronic, progressive and incurable. In the life-shattering reverberation that follow come the questions: *Why?* And in Don Williams' case, why did these people he worked with also get it? There are no answers, only theories. Williams, his one-time colleague Sally Gardner, and an anonymous cameraman were part of the same production unit at CBC Television in Vancouver in the late 1970s, all worked with Michael J. Fox before he became a star, all four are now losing control of their bodies in a cruel, debilitating disease. *Why?* Williams, 64, directed Fox in an episode of a short-lived sitcom called *Nellie, Daniel, Emma and Ben*, which aired in 1979. It was Fox's second gig, after his debut in the CBC comedy *Les and Nele*. Today, Williams is able to joke about his debilitating affliction. "I

often say it's because when Michael J. and I worked together, we had to work with sensitive scripts—it destroyed our brain cells."

It's funny and yet it's not. Parkinson's announced in unrelenting arrival with a tremor in Williams' right hand and face, nine years ago. The former executive producer of the CBC TV series *The Bachelors*, who also played a character called the Elder on *The X-Files* for four seasons, says finger now makes directing increasingly difficult. An actor, he says, "I've been reduced to playing old men with senescent ulcers." No one has calculated the odds of four CBC employees getting Parkinson's. The chances, however, raise the possibility that the cause is environmental—perhaps a virus or toxin. "The best idea is if I remember any unusual illnesses, flu or even a lot of colds or anything," says Williams. "I can't remember anything significant at all." The cluster has been wondering, too. "It could be a sick building; it could be that we were all in a

park on a certain day; it could be coincidence," he says. "I don't know."

Brain physiologist James Parkinson first described the disease in 1817, calling it "the shaking palsy." It was only in the 1960s that researchers linked Parkinson's to dying nerve cells in the substantia nigra, a dark mass of cells in the mid-brain that produces dopamine, a chemical that allows nerves to communicate with each other for muscle control. There are several forms, officially known as Parkinsonism. The disease usually strikes people in their 50s and 60s, though up to 10 per cent of patients are diagnosed before turning 40. Nearly 100,000 Canadians have it.

For the most part, Parkinson's does not appear to be inherited, although a mutation in either of two genes can lead to the disease in rare cases. The condition causes tremors or shaking, muscle stiffness, an inability to move quickly and loss of coordination. Toward the end, as victims can't walk, their voices weaken, and swallowing becomes

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Cover

difficult. They live almost as long as they would have without the disease, but eventually they do die more than most healthy people.

Depression, sleep disturbances, constipation—the list of secondary effects is long. About one-quarter of patients are struck by dementia. As for its cause, Parkinson's, like some other conditions, could have several, says Dr. Donald Calne, a former director of Vancouver's Pacific Parkinson's Research Centre. Pneumonia, for instance, can result from viruses or bacteria; viruses or exposure to some chemicals may predict cancer. "Our understanding of Parkinson's," says Calne, "is where we were with pneumonia 20 years ago."

Medical progress has been slow. The best treatment—taking the drug L-dopa to help the brain produce dopamine—in more than 30 years old. While L-dopa lessens symptoms, it can cause nausea and hallucinations, says Dr. Al Rupitz, chairman of the scientific advisory committee for Parkinson Society Canada. Patients can reduce its effectiveness and induce vomiting. "The paternal quality of life improves and they live longer," says Rupitz, "but it's not a cure."

More invasive alternatives have been tried, with varying success. Implanting fetal brain cells in the patient's brain has shown encouraging results, but the controversial treatment remains experimental. Implanted adult cells, which for many unknowns produce dopamine, also show promise. Scirivieri takes one day to implant embryonic stem cells with the ability to grow into brain cells. Some patients opt for a pallidotomy—a surgeon destroys cells in part of the brain called the globus pallidus, interrupting a neural pathway to decrease symptoms, including walking, tremor and rigidity. Researchers have also inserted electrode probes deep into the brain to spell tenses. Others continue tests with drugs that protect dopamine-producing cells, but none have made it to market.

Attempts at solving the Parkinson's mystery have yielded tantalizing clues. After the First World War, millions of people worldwide contracted encephalitis lethargica, or a type of sleeping sickness, before the disease strangely disappeared in the 1930s. A third of them died. Then, several years after the acute phase of the

virid disease passed, many of the survivors succumbed to a condition with symptoms similar to those of Parkinson's, known as postencephalitic Parkinsonism. A group of these patients in New York, still in a catatonic state, were the subject of the book *Awakenings* by Dr. Oliver Sacks, later made into a movie. In 1969, Sacks gave these patients L-dopa, a new drug at the time. Their subsequent "awakening" was remarkable but short-lived. Still, it underscored L-dopa's therapeutic effectiveness and, given the sleeping sickness connection, linked Parkinson's to viral infections.

People in close contact with others—health-care professionals, sisters, teachers, family workers who bunk together—appear to be twice as likely as the general population to get Parkinson's. These findings, taken together with the occasional appearance of clusters like the Vancouver ones, suggest viruses or toxins are to blame, says Calne. He doesn't see Parkinson's as a disease that slowly destroys brain cells. Rather, he suspects that a brief event—a viral infection, perhaps, or exposure to a powerful toxin—has damaged dopamine-producing cells. These "wounded" cells then die slowly over time. "Whatever the cause was," says Calne, "it's done the damage and gone."

There is powerful evidence of immune playing an important role. In the early 1980s in California, a bad batch of syringe needles turned up on the streets of Silicon Valley. The batch was tainted with MPTP or methyl phenyl tetrahydrophosphine, a toxic chemical. Once injected, it damaged the substantia nigra, reducing the drug user to a catatonic state. Today, researchers are investigating the possibility of a link between Parkinson's and, perhaps, autoimmune disease. Researchers have also inserted electrode probes deep into the brain to spell tenses. Others continue tests with drugs that protect dopamine-producing cells, but none have made it to market.

Many aspects of Parkinson's remain unexplained. Research continues to shed new light, says Rupitz, and "we are in a while for better shape today than we were 40 years ago." Unfortunately, indications that unknown agents in our environment may be destroying people's brains are far from reassuring.

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Photo: David P. Smith/Do, take everything from it to do it

Switched-on Moses

The guru of television reflects on its past and future

*No one loves television more than Moses Znaimer—and few can claim to have done more to influence its direction. Znaimer, who never goes far afield, foresees the rise of specialty TV and created techniques now copied worldwide to break down traditional walls between performers and their audience. The Cigar empire he oversees reaches 17 specialty channels—including *Bosom!* and *Moshebliss!*—and eight local stations between Toronto and Victoria, and City television stations from Argentina to Finland. Znaimer recently opened the *MosTV* Museum in Toronto, which traces the history and impact of television around the world over a century. From June 19-21, he also hosts at Toronto's IdeasCity Conference, a gathering of government, Canadian Big Thinkers where Moshe will serve as a media sponsor. Znaimer talked recently to *Maclean's* Editor Anthony Wilson-Smith. Excerpts:*

Maclean's: You've just opened a museum dedicated to television. What motivates you and what is TV's place in society right now?

Znaimer: My motive was to counteract a ceaseless barrage of 40 or 50 years of criticism levelled at my chosen vocation everywhere you turned, particularly in print, and among the academics, politicians, and clergy. It rang false to me. That was a fundamental concern. My second concern was, I fell in love with the object. I responded to their earthly beauty with simple elegance.

Maclean's: Do you have a lot of sets at home?

Znaimer: Eleven at home, 16 in my office. **Maclean's:** Do you remember the moment when you said, 'TV's that for me, when I want to spend my life?'

Znaimer: The moment was when I bought the family's first television set, with the money I'd received for my bar mitzvah. This was the middle 1950s. We were in a

third-floor walk-up, and the workers had of manufactured this thing, finally uncrating it, smoking it in the corner of the living room. My bed was in the other half of this living room. And there I was, later that night, half-up on my elbow, watching TV, my parents turning occasionally to shoo me, and I had this "aha" moment: it was not only my house, and delivered to me, it was on tap. I could turn it on, and it was in my bedroom. I understood in an intuitive way that not very much gets into people's bedrooms—it's the ultimate in intimacy—and this was significant in some really profound way.

This, however, not parallel with, and in a curious way, contradicted my education, which was classical and almost formal, and book-oriented. I did Bible studies, which very few people did, in the original language. Talmudic studies. So I had these parallel interests.

Maclean's: You have over the years talked a lot about the potential for television to educate us, or, for many educators aggressively now, to *re-educate* us.

Znaimer: Invariably, I always felt that education and the high was really missed the

boat on television, and made an unnecessary enemy of a great instrument. If you didn't get the next generation involved, what is the future for open? What is the future for belief? What is the future for reading? If you want to instill young people, you're going to have to speak their language. And instead of taking the reader a distance from TV, and ignoring it, and it's all so pathetically self-defeating. Well, the band is over. TV has won. It is arguably the fundamental technology of the last 100 years. It's not only the box we see that gives us pleasure, it's a foundation technology radio, it's a foundation technology medical advances.

Maclean's: You pioneered interactive TV, the breeding ground of the traditional walls. Where do you see interactivity going—the overwelling of computer and TV? Is this inevitable, or are they separate animals?

Znaimer: I've got layers of answer in it. First, the technology now has to really address interactivity. You watch City and MosTV now, with the first out of the box. You see the little "T" up on the TV screen? If you're

enabled, you can punch that and you're going to get some value-added off the box. What that might be in real terms is obviously in the process of an investigation. And all's not well and good, and we're there.

That's answer one. Answer two is, I am not persuaded that this will develop as an all-purpose machine. In fact, I am persuaded, in the sense that you could build something that could drive on the street, deploy a swing and fly, and float on the waves. That'd be a pretty awkward concept, nor an aviation kind of crazy-expensive, and hard to maintain. And that's my feeling about where it's going. Ultimately, the beauty of television is in its utter simplicity. You know, there are war zones in the world where they don't have cellphones, and they do have TV, and there are war zones in the world where they don't have a pot to put on, and they don't have a table, and they do have TV. Who knows if that'll be another thing like it?

Maclean's: Television has been a shared experience. People watch shows at home at night, and discuss them at the office the next day. How does the fragmentation of ownership affect that?

Znaimer: I'm not so nostalgic for that as some people are. Look, there was a time when there was one god, one king, the official voice—things were kind of clear. You know how to get a 100 per cent share of course? Have one channel. It's the Soviet way.

It's our way: the CBC. And in a way, the CBC has been kind of downshift ever since. It hasn't really quite ever advanced in a kind of comfortable way with new reality. Fragmentation is a negative word, and it terrifies in its language the position of the guy who had it all, and respects every other that disappears. Once upon a time, the big issue was, who gets to speak? Now, there's a new issue, and the new issue is, of who's still talking, which is startling.

I say to the people who are nostalgic about that enforced rightlessness: work harder for the art and an sense of passion, and you can't ever gain a campion, because you can't count on them coming back to your one-track say more, so you have to engage their attention. If you can't face that, you've gotta give up the art.

Photo: David P. Smith/Do

Zimmer: What every left-wing idiot in the country would like is for the private guys to be arrested for the trademark, hard-hearted capitalist bastards that they really are, yeah? And the best way to do that would be to release them of their obligations. They would all go wandering directly into the arms of America, and the CBC would be arrested as not last bastion of nobility and grace. It's a cock. I'm not looking for less Canadian content. I want to make more Canadian content. I resent deeply the way the argument plays itself out, because it suggests that they are easier people than we are; they do that because they're better-quality human beings. The fact is, they do it because we pay them to do it, and it is sometimes remarkable to see how little of it they have done.

I've been trying for 100 years to produce fiction, but I'm disqualified. The government wrote rules, all of which basically get rigged to benefit the CBC in an off-balance sheet form, or to staff productions of Alliance Affiliates and two or three others.

so-called independents who have taken all that money. I'm saying, you think I don't want to produce prime-time drama? I've been thinking about it my whole life. You say to any producer who wants to do it, 'Here's a million dollars an hour. Your show's gotta be written by Canadians, directed by Canadians, acted by Canadians. You've got to spend the entire budget on the sexual desire of the thing. O.K.? You get to sell it internationally.' You would see the tremendous blossoming of new brains, new names, some of which will succeed. That's excellent.

MacLean's: Are you a Canadian nationalist?
Zimmer: Yes. By that, I mean there is a Canadian voice. The excitement of living in Canada at the time is you not only get to discover it, but you get to define it. That's the beauty of a not yet fully defined country. Canadian culture is what you and I are interested in, and there are many others like us, but it's the same sort of that. That's an important difference from what it might be in the old established cultures. I mean, you come to England, France, and the basic message is, "We've been here for a thousand years, you can try and add

something, but really we don't need you." **MacLean's:** If you had our book a TV guy in any way, what would you have done?
Zimmer: I was headed to be a print guy. My early loves remain, writing, and I had decided early on that I was headed for some kind of punditry and Max Learner, and as a teenager, I read Walter Lippmann. I read the columnists, and I thought maybe I might do that kind of thing. I was disabused when I finally got to the world, and found they were much interested in my background, my education. By contrast, television was relatively new and, for that reason, less finessed. Once I turned my hand to it, I found I had a knack for it. The best reason for loving anything still is that it loves you.

MacLean's: How tempted were you ever to leave here for the United States?

Zimmer: My suspicion is that I succeeded here. And why do people go? Brian Rixman didn't go to California because he had a burgeoning film career in Canada; he went to California because he had an film career in Canada. So my theory is that at every step, I was actually getting done what I wanted to get done.

Show Business



Rosenberg is good to many artists

School for stardom

The guy who gets actors ready for their close-ups

BY JOHN INTINTI

In a small room tucked into the basement of St. Anne's Parish Hall in Toronto's west end, David Rosenberg has his studio. The 12 students who've gathered for his Sunday evening acting class remain mostly focused during the five-hour session, as Rosenberg dialects each sound of their typed dialogue with a precision acquired through years of dissecting and teaching hundreds of young actors with star in their eye. For the dozen students—many recognizable from TV commercials—and for some of other Canadian screen, Rosenberg is god.

At any given time, Rosenberg—a professor in York University's graduate theatre program and, at St. Anne's, teacher (who hand-picks his students) of Equity Showcase Theatre's "acting for the camera" class—is working with about 75 actors, almost all of them Canadian. Handfuls of his St. Anne's students currently work full-time on projects in Los Angeles, New York City, Toronto and Vancouver. Included in this group are Scott Speedman from *Reindeer Games*, Holly Sherron, who most recently played Margaret in the CBC miniseries *Invaders*, and Dennis Barone from *The Americans*. Many actors travel back to Toronto for Rosenberg's advice, while others

have become phone regulars. "When these guys get to Los Angeles they forget that they're in a different time zone," laughs Rosenberg, who also works as an acting coach. "My wife sometimes gets annoyed that I've gone out our house number when the phone rings at one in the morning."

Rosenberg teaches with a unique approach. During class, he quietly observes as his students videotape themselves performing short scenes in pairs or on their own. The group then patterns around a TV to watch the tape, and Rosenberg strips in. While it's often painful for students to hear, he offers blunt but constructive criticisms of their score. "I'm not interested in 'measuring' actors," says Rosenberg. "Obviously I'd like to see that I'm in use, and it just makes me laugh because I've seen acting teachers who would make me look like a puppy dog. One thing that does bother me is someone who has the physical and emotional gifts but is frightened."

Rosenberg preens his students' fragile egos with his humour—and his acidity in a teacher. "People need to face certain realities about their skills," and David is great at making us see our strengths and weaknesses," says Sherron, who most recently played Margaret in the CBC miniseries *Invaders*, and Dennis Barone from *The Americans*. Many actors travel back to Toronto for Rosenberg's advice, while others

morning, are for some of the choices I made playing Margaret, and I just said, 'Thank God!' He's pretty much taught me everything I know about acting."

Rosenberg, 52, started out as a director

After earning a masters in directing from Yale in 1976, the Toronto native ran his own theatre companies, stewarding a slew of off-the-wall plays—including the mid-1980s Broadway show *The News*. In 1987, Rosenberg, who also writes novels, moved back to his hometown from New Orleans—he was on the faculty of Tulane University—after accepting a teaching job in York. But he gave some of his time fulfilling work-comes when he escapes twice a week to his acting studio in the room next to St. Anne's soap kitchen. "Sometimes it's just around when I realize that it's 11 o'clock and I've just slept for five hours and yet I'm not tired."

He is currently doing pre-production work for his accompany *Amishland Diaries*, which he plans to direct early next year using only Canadian talent to tell the credits. "I have some really good guys who are willing to do it at a reasonable price," he says. "The acting problem is finding time to shoot around their schedules, and of course getting the funding together."

Even after 15 years Rosenberg still gets butterflies before shooting at St. Anne's. "I still get nervous going into class because I realize that I'm taking their money and I owe them a lot." The payoff for some of David Rosenberg's students can be big: thoughtful ability to write their own ticket to show his success.

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Deadly incompetence

There were many villains in the Walkerton disaster

The signs of the Walkerton disaster are widespread now from the posters on

Toronto package carts that proclaim the city's water is tested 300,000 times a year to the Yarmouth, N.S., grass of stones—Mary Rose Raymond Seven people died—Mary Rose and six women, five of them elderly—after a lethal strain of E. coli bacteria invaded Walkerton's water system in May, 2000. More than 2,300 others in the Ontario town of 5,000 were taken ill, some suffering permanent damage to their health. Media reports, later confirmed by a judicial inquiry, revealed a staggering level of local incompetence and negligence—nothing that both horrified and paradoxically, resonated Canadians by suggesting the tragedy was an isolated event. But Colin Peckel, a Canadian Press reporter who stayed on the story from the beginning, is having none of that. *As Wet as Lee* (McCloud & Stewart) makes clear, Walkerton is far from unique; across Canada, 10 people die from water-borne disease every year.

The story revolves around the Kuebel brothers, Stan and Frank, their me to positions for above their capacities and their interaction with a provincial government

determined to cut red tape and costs. Both high school dropouts, the brothers began working for the Walkerton Public Utilities Commission on their terms. Hard-working Stan, the older son of a man who was friends with the PUC board of commissioners, became manager in 1988, at age 35. Frank succeeded him as foreman.

Together they inherited problem wells, a tradition of reporting false chlorination levels, and the protection provided by statutory provincial supervision. Whenever the Environment Ministry noticed contamination again, Stan would simply assert that he would increase chlorine again—protests he knew were like overcooked meat. As soon as he gave orders to raise them, Frank—who had hands-on control of the wells and hated the chemical taste—would lower them. He thus supplied his brother with bogus chlorine counts. A nervous Stan would pass them on to the ministry. He eventually relented over the digester, though, since no one ever seemed to look at the data.

It's an astonishing image, almost comical—the Kuebels doing their Keytar/Kegs routine with the chlorine controls while the province plays indifferent police

Brian Rathke



Bottled water allowed most people to stay in town, but the very sick, like Terence Smith, 6, were rushed to big-city hospitals

commissioners. Peckel displays a brazen—and justifiable—sympathy for the ill-educated brothers. Frank had an almost religious faith in the purity of the new water, and even Stan didn't fully grasp that they were playing with people's lives.

And why should the Kuebels have been? Nothing had happened for over a decade, not until May 12, 2000, when what meteorologists called a "50-year-stun-fall" came. In the days before, Frank had removed the old chlorinator on well 7, but didn't get around to replacing it. Meanwhile, the farmer whose land abutted well 5 spread a tonne's worth of cattle manure over his fields. When the torrential downpour washed the E. coli-laden manure into the well, it entered a water system that was even more unchlorinated than usual.

At this point in his story Peckel switches to a step-by-step account that combines the narrative drive of a thriller with the inevitability of Greek tragedy. Within a week, sick people wracked by bloody diarrhea, start showing up at area hospitals. One after another they are sent home to rest and drink plenty of fluids, the very stuff that was killing them. (The one relatively young adult to die, 56-year-old Betty Truskauki, was an "avid water drinker," notes Peckel.) Stan, testified for his reputation and hoping everything will blow over, has adverse test results from the regional health authority. If Stan had come clean, the inquiry concluded, doctors would have issued the boil-water advisory days earlier, and up to 400 illnesses would have been prevented. If the health authority had publicized an advisory more widely, still more people would have been spared. If the Environment Ministry had paid attention in the first place . . . These are many villains in Peckel's cautionary tale, far fewer heroes—and no saints at all for complacency.

Brian Rathke



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The ticking Daddy clock

You're a childless guy in your 30s, minding your own business, when suddenly, at the family reunion or office picnic or some poor sucker's wedding, some body passes you one of *sheesh*. Aware that you're being observed by already-reproducing females, you do what's expected: make a goo-goo face, bounce her on your knee, say her name in an odd, squeaky voice, as though you've just sucked helium. The baby gurgles on cue. Spin on the shirt you just picked up in the dry cleaner. Let's rip a whoopee cushion blindfolded by a smell you wouldn't think possible coming from something as small.

But here's the twist. You don't mind. Nothing matters but those twelve-and-a-quarter pounds of brand-new human wriggling in your hands. Before you can set up a patented Tickle Readiblock, the thoughts leap into your mind. *Maybe this is it.*

And what's up with that tick-tock sound in your head?

"We all know the female biological clock is a fact of modern life. A media cottage industry has emerged bent on cultivating baby anxiety in over-35 women. The latest cause for worry is Sylvia Ann Hewlett's book, *Cracking the Life Professional Woman and the Quest for Children*. Contrary to the perception that medical advances have allowed women to wait longer than ever to safely start a family, Hewlett argues that the rate of late pregnancies per year and even the latest fertility treatments don't come with a guarantee." For Hewlett, "the biological clock is real." And after a woman's 35th birthday, time is running out.

Don't let all women concede the existence of *local egg timers* ticking away within, men of my age agree on the issue. We can remember the day a couple of years ago when our independent, sex-for-sex-sake female friends did a communal backflip on "life priorities"—not to mention during sentence. What used to be confidence drivers or flirtatious cocktails became as common as job interviews. Gen X's mating rituals have now largely been reduced to the diffuse, faintest of bedroom eyes and wavy hair, when crossed the table a faintly phony, mutual fund portfolios and medical histories.

A side effect of this maturing progression has been that men in their 30s (and even those in their supposedly never-married 40s) who were previously considered laughable now enjoy the kind of feminine attention known only to

firemen and the sons of ex-prime ministers. One friend recently confided that her criteria have switched to the point that she'll now go out with any guy who is "interesting and has his own teeth."

So the charms of today's childless women over 30 ring louder than Notre Dame. But what of the male biological clock? I confess to having one. It came late, and so I waited, thankfully, but yet to reach a volume that one would consider a disturbance to carrying on the head-in-the-clouds, slack-jaw life that men of any generation have performed. But still, it's there. A heart leap at the sight of the neighbour's kid on his father's shoulders (watch his head on the one-way sign). An idle whenever that wee one in the pink topie is wheeled into the Second Cup while I'm studying the sports pages.

I admit the best I can. God knows, the last thing any of us needs is someone else to think about besides ourselves. And if that someone can't even ask "We'll be better off buying Tickle Me Elmo and spending the education savings plan on something useful, like a GameCube or those cellphones that fold out into tiny computers so you can ignore both e-mail and phone calls from anywhere in the world,"

The trouble is, unlike previous generations of men who found themselves fathers before they knew what hit them, today's hypothetical daddies-to-be have played *beat-the-clock* for so long that once they let their guard down for a second—*whew!*—it's bring on the July Juniper.

Men must consider the risks of becoming a parent at an advanced age just as women do. A recent Columbus University study shows that men between 45 and 49 are twice more likely to have children with schizophrenia than those under 25; while men over 50 are three times as likely. There's also evidence that late fatherhood can contribute to conditions as diverse as prostate cancer, heartbreakers and dwarfism. Sure, John Iglesias had healthy twin girls last year at age 57—but who wants to emulate John Iglesias?

So do men have a biological clock? Perhaps it's best not to ask for whom the bell tolls... at least until after the playoffs.

*Andrew Pyper is the author of *Last Girls*. His second novel, *The Trade Mission*, will be published in the fall.*



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